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BY EDWIN W. FOSTER.

To know the trees, especially our fine American forest trees, is to possess friends whose character can always be depended upon, and whose intimate acquaintance brings continual and increasing pleasure.

It is surprising how few people know even a very little about our trees; and this is as true of country people as it is of those who live in cities. Perhaps it is because the scientists have frightened people with their formidable Latin names, but whatever the cause, the fact remains that few people can walk through the woods or parks and name correctly half a dozen trees.

As one becomes acquainted with these noble and beautiful plants, he soon finds that each tree differs from every other tree just as each human being differs from his fellows, and yet there are families and classes of trees just as there are races and nations among men.

It is quite a wonderful thing to know that in a forest containing thousands of trees, with their millions of leaves, no two leaves are exactly alike, and yet we can readily distinguish the maple leaves from those of the oak, the beeches from the birches, and so on through the list, just

as we can tell Chinese from negroes, and Indians from white men, in the human family.

On the other hand, some leaves are so nearly alike that we must observe them very carefully in order to discover whether they belong to the same kind of tree. For example, in Figs. 5 and 6 on page 581, we have two leaves which at the first glance seem quite similar, but which on closer examination prove quite different. The one on the left is the chestnut, so dear to all of us, while the other, which is wider and has rounded instead of sharp teeth along its edges, is the chestnut-oak.

Of course if we had the two trees standing side by side we could distinguish them immediately by their fruit, because one would bear burs containing chestnuts and the other acorns. The chestnut-oak is a true oak, and is so named simply because its leaves so closely resemble those of the chestnut. It is a noble tree, and grows to a great size, often being found a hundred feet in height. There is one near Fishkill-on-the-Hudson famous for its age and size. This tree is seven feet in diameter. It is claimed that in 1783 Washington used to

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mount his horse under it when he rode from his headquarters to the army encampment at Fishkill.

Sometimes we better appreciate the value of a tree if we know of what use it is to us. The chestnut-oak, besides being one of our most beautiful trees and valuable for the timber it furnishes, has a bark which is rich in tannin, a substance used extensively in tanning leather.

The chestnut-tree needs no description to American boys and girls, as we all have spent glorious days in the crisp autumn weather searching for the plump brown nuts in the dry leaves, and afterward roasting them over blazing hot fires during the long winter evenings.



FIG. 1. A CHESTNUT-TREE STRIPPED OF ITS FOLIAGE.

The tree is one of our most rapid growers, and has been known to bear fruit at five years of age.

THE OAKS.

THE large family of American oaks is one of which we are justly proud, and it is difficult to say which is the finest. Among trees the oak

stands for all that is sturdy, reliable, hardy, and useful—a symbol for the honest, true, and patriotic citizen among men. Although it is perhaps not as graceful as the elm, nor as luxuriant as the magnolia or the palm, its strong and heavy trunk, its gnarled branches, and its clean, healthy foliage give it a prominent place among our American trees. Its wood ranks high as valuable timber, being strong, hard, and durable, with a handsome grain which takes a fine polish.

Figs. 7 and 8 show the leaves of the two oaks



FIG. 2. A POST-OAK.

which are the best known and most common about New York City. Their leaves are so different that they can never be confounded. The white-oak leaf is deeply indented and has rounded lobes; there is not an angle nor sharp point anywhere on the leaf; while the red-oak leaf on the right is sharply toothed and bristling with points. Both of these leaves are large, the white-oak being of a beautiful light-green color, while the red-oak is darker, stiffer, and very glossy.

Both trees grow to a very large size, and their timber, which is used extensively in ship-building, carriage-making, cooperage, and cabinet-work, is the standard among woods for strength and durability.

There are several kinds of oak closely related to these two trees. For instance, the post-oak (Figs. 2 and 9) has a leaf resembling the white-oak in shape, yet it is a simple matter to

distinguish either the trees or individual leaves. The leaves of the post-oak are very much darker, thicker, and more leathery than the delicate and refined leaf of the white oak, and the indentations are not so deep. The whole tree is rougher in its bark, leaves, and general appearance, and the leaves have a habit of

finest development in the Mississippi valley, but is occasionally found in the Eastern States. It grows to a great height,—one hundred and fifty feet being not unusual,—and its wood is of a superior quality.

The great oak family might be divided into two classes: those that ripen their acorns in



FIG. 3. A WHITE OAK.

clothing the entire branch, from the point where it leaves the trunk out to the very tip. The wood is so hard that the tree is often called the iron-oak. It is very common on Long Island and all along the eastern coast.

Another tree which resembles the white oak is the magnificent mossy-cup or overcup oak, with its long, shiny leaves, which are sometimes a foot in length. Figs. 11 and 12 show the difference between the two leaves; but the principal points of difference are the peculiar, corky ridges found on the young branches of the mossy-cup and the beautiful, single acorns of the latter, with the heavy fringe around the nuts, from which the tree takes its name. This tree is primarily a Western oak, and reaches its

one season, such as the white, post, and mossy-cup oaks just mentioned, and those which require two full years, such as the red, scarlet, and black oaks. To the first class belong the chestnut-oak and the live-oak of the South. This latter tree for generations played an important part in ship-building, but has now been superseded by iron and steel. The leaf, which is an evergreen, is entirely without indentations, and is thick and leathery. The wood is very heavy and strong, has a beautiful grain, and is susceptible of taking a high polish. At one time this wood was so valuable that our government paid two hundred thousand dollars for large tracts of land in the South, that our navy might be sure of a supply of live-oak timber.

To the second class of oaks we are largely indebted for the gorgeous colors of our autumn leaves. The red, scarlet, and pin oaks, with their brilliant reds, scarlets, and browns, are close competitors with the maples in giving our American landscapes the most wonderful autumn colorings to be found anywhere in the world. These three trees have leaves which at first glance are quite similar, but by careful examination may always be distinguished.

The red-oak leaf is an unusually large one, of a dark-green color and very shiny. By com-



FIG. 4. A YOUNG PIN-OAK.

paring the sketch of it with that of the scarlet oak, it will be apparent that the indentations are not nearly as deep in the former, which has a broad, massive appearance, while the latter is so deeply indented as to give a skeleton effect. The deeply cut foliage of the scarlet oak makes it the more handsome tree of the two, but each of these oaks grows to a large size and is valuable both as a shade and a timber tree.

The novice at tree study is much more apt to confuse the scarlet and pin oaks than the red and scarlet. Referring again to the diagram of leaves, one sees at a glance that the pin-oak has a smaller leaf than the scarlet oak, and this difference in size appears to even better advantage on the trees than in the drawing.

The pin-oak, which has recently become a favorite among nurserymen as an ornamental tree, takes its name from the pin-like appearance of the tiny branches which sprout from the main trunk and the limbs; its timber, however, is not as valuable as some of the other oaks. No list of oaks which are common about New York would be complete without the black-oak and black-jack varieties. These two trees—the latter being sometimes called the barren oak—thrive in exposed and sterile regions such as the sandy flats of New Jersey and Long Island, where no other tree except a stunted pine seems able to live. Their whole appearance, from the individual leaf to the framework of the stripped tree, is summed up in the two words "tough" and "rugged." The leaves are tough and leathery, while the wood is gnarled and strong, and altogether these trees are in perfect harmony with their wind-swept surroundings. The leaf of the black-jack oak (Fig. 16) may be easily recognized by its three lobes or rounded points, from which it rapidly tapers to a point at the stem. The leaf of the black oak (Fig. 17) is very slightly indented for an oak leaf, the sharp points being few, far apart, and separated by shallow recesses, as shown in the sketch.

Occasionally one will find in the parks or along the roadside an oak which bears fine, large acorns, with a leaf which somewhat resembles our white oak, but is poorer, smaller, and very inferior in size and symmetry. This is the famous English oak (Fig. 15), which has been imported into this country as a shade-tree. A curious thing in connection with this leaf is the fact that practically all of the wood-carving we use, in which oak leaves and acorns are prominent features, represents the English oak. Our artists will find a mine of wealth in our American oaks and acorns that has hardly been touched.

Then, too, we find some interesting freaks in the oak family: such as the willow-oak, whose leaves closely resemble the long, narrow, and familiar leaves of the willow; and the laurel-oak, whose thick, glossy, and dark-green leaves remind us of our evergreen laurel. These two varieties are not common around New York, however, but reach their highest development in the South and West; the willow-oak being a

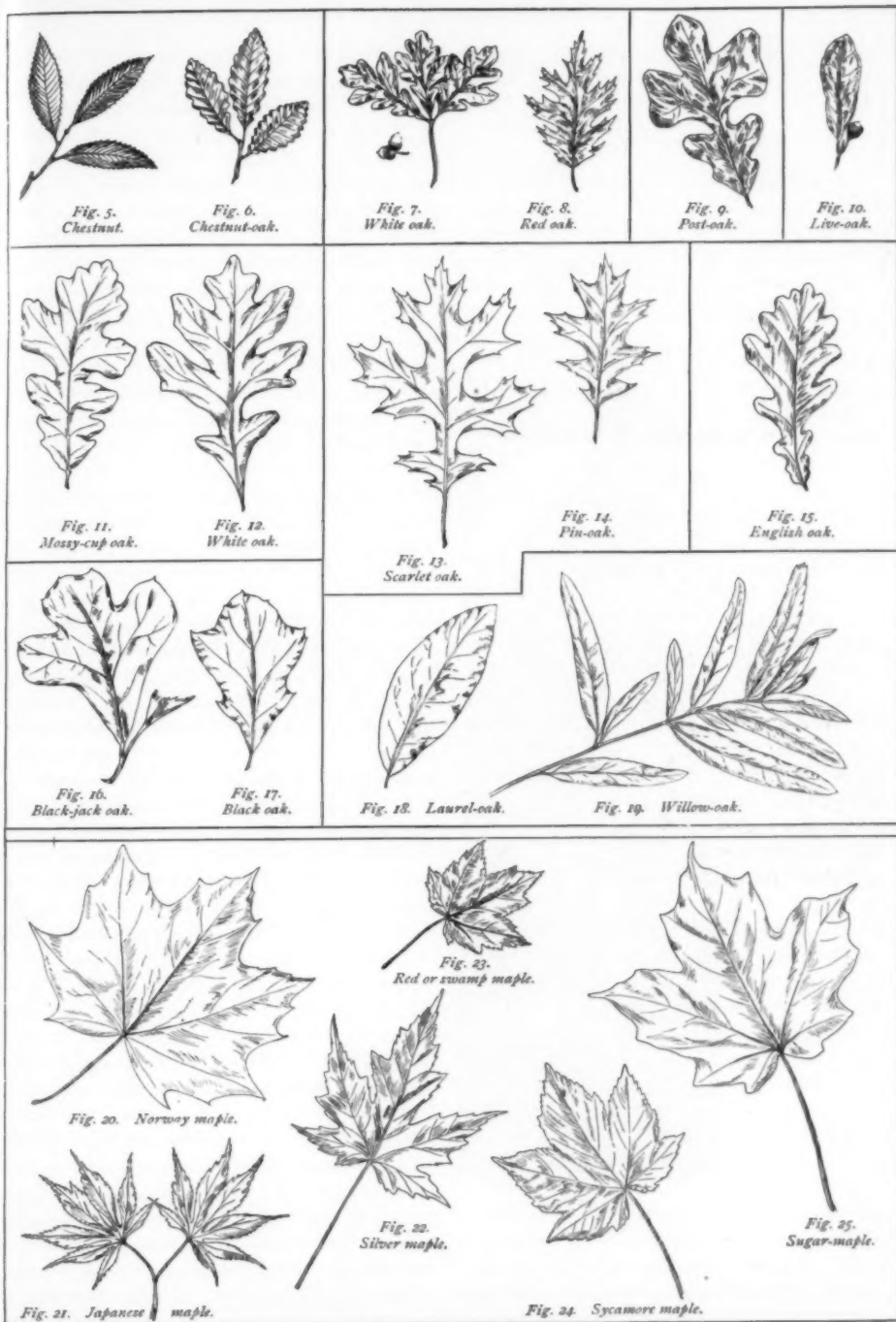


DIAGRAM OF OAK AND MAPLE LEAVES.

remarkably beautiful shade-tree, familiar to all dwellers below Mason and Dixon's line.

THE MAPLES.

But all fine trees do not belong to the oak family; indeed, we have in the maple group a list which gives the oak group a very close race. From the dwarf Japanese maples with their purple foliage, which is so delicate and feathery that one wonders how it can ever withstand the elements, up to the sycamore-maple, whose leaves are often quite a foot long and so strong and big as to give it the nickname "false sycamore," this group is of constant interest and usefulness, with not a black sheep in the family.

It is to this race of trees that we are indebted for nearly all the cool shade in our sweltering cities; in fact, these trees must be possessed of unusual vitality, because, although of delicate and refined foliage, they seem better able to stand the smoke and gases of large cities than any other group, with a few exceptions.

The Japanese maples were, as their name implies, imported from Japan, and are noticeable on lawns and in the city parks for their reddish-purple coloring and the deep-cut leaves.

These indentations extend almost to the stem of the leaf, cutting it into five or seven distinct fingers, which in some cases are so slender as to give it the appearance of a feather rather than a leaf. Prospect Park, Brooklyn, has a particularly large and fine collection of these tiny trees or shrubs. The red or swamp maple, the wild species of our woods, has a small leaf, very easy to distinguish. It is divided into three main points, each of which is cut up by small teeth along its entire edge. They are famous for their brilliant red colors in the fall. The highest pinnacle of tree development, however, seems to have been reached when the silver maple was formed in nature's crucible. Think of all the good points in a physically perfect, high-strung, blooded horse, apply these points to tree life, and we have the silver maple. From the ground up to the topmost leaflet we find expressed in every atom of the tree strength, vitality, purity, beauty, and usefulness. The trunk of this tree is as sleek and clean-cut as any one could imagine a tree to be. The leaf is beautiful in its shape and color, the under side being a silvery white,—from which it takes its name,—and as one stands under it and looks up he sees a silver dome; or if a breeze is blowing, the green-and-silver leaves shimmer and vibrate like an aspen, giving the appearance of pale-green fire, which is especially noticeable on the approach of a storm. The leaf is five-pointed, and the entire edge is again indented with well-defined teeth. This is the common shade-tree of our cities.

Another shade-tree very common in our cities is the imported Norway maple. This tree is made of rather coarser and sterner stuff than its tall and stately silver brother. It may be distinguished from the other, not only by the leaf-form shown in Fig. 20, but also by the dense, dark-green foliage, the very dark bark, and by its low and compact form. Its leaf somewhat resembles that of the sugar-maple, but the latter has coarser teeth with blunt points. Our boys and girls will always associate maple-trees with buckwheat-cakes, but only the true sugar-maple furnishes us with maple-syrup. The boring of the trees is a part of the process, which requires considerable judgment. In order to prevent killing the

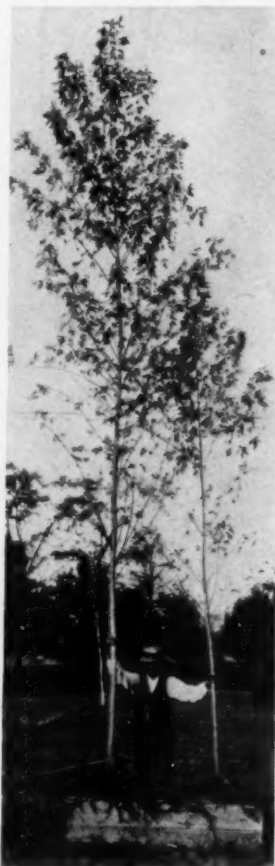


FIG. 26. YOUNG SILVER MAPLES.

trees, only one boring must be made each year, and the weather must not be too cold nor too hot. When the sap begins to flow in the trees the winter is supposed to be about over and the spring at hand.

The sycamore-maple, frequently seen along with our silver and Norway maples, has an unusually strong and heavy leaf. It may be easily distinguished by its long, thick red stem, by its five distinct fingers, and by the fact that the entire edge of the leaf is finely toothed, in

which respect it differs from all the other maples. This tree is a great favorite in Europe, where it is often planted to the exclusion of other shade-trees.

We have fancy and curious varieties of maples just as we have among other groups. For instance, the cut-leaf silver maple, which is similar to the ordinary silver variety except that its leaf is more deeply cut and indented; also the ash-leaved maple, whose leaf reminds us of the ash; and a number of others.

(To be concluded.)

THE BIRTHDAY OF VIRGINIA.

BY EMPEIGH MERWIN.

ALL this might not have come about if Virginia had not been invited to Florence Patterson's birthday party, and if her own birthday had not been the same as that of her mother—the young mother whom she could hardly remember.

Virginia sat thinking about the party and living it over again—Florence was such a dear girl, Florence's mother was *so* charming; the table, with its big birthday cake, had been beautiful, and it was *such* fun to run upstairs with the other girls and witness Florence's delight over her gifts, spread out on a table.

Virginia's own birthday, December 10, was only three weeks away; but she knew quite well there would be no party, no gift-covered table. Grandpa did not approve of making a fuss over birthdays and Christmases.

As she sat brushing her hair the night after Florence's party, Virginia was sad—just a little. If one only had one's own mother! Virginia stared hard at the photograph on her bureau, and winked away a tear. She knew it was n't right to let herself feel sad—her lovely mother, whom every one praised, had been like the sunshine, every one said. Virginia wished sincerely that she were like her mother; it seemed as though being born on her birthday ought to help.

Virginia Greene lived with her grandfather, Judge Atkins, and his twin daughters, Mary and Esther. His two younger children, Edward and Margaret,—Virginia's mother,—had seemed to belong to a different generation from the elderly twins. Away at school much of the time after their mother's death, both Edward and Margaret had married early and gone to live far from the old New England home. There Judge Atkins and his older daughters had grown old and dignified together.

One day the judge, his face very sorrowful, had started suddenly on a journey. When he returned, looking still sadder and older, he led a frightened child of six by the hand. Margaret and her husband had died within the same week, and the judge was bringing Margaret's little girl, Virginia, to his own home.

So, for five years, Virginia had lived with the three old people.

Virginia's grandfather promptly engaged tutors and a music-teacher from Boston. Often, while Virginia slept in the pretty room that had been Margaret's, Judge Atkins and his daughters downstairs held consultation concerning the welfare of Margaret's child.

Virginia's dresses were the admiration of all the girls. Aunt Mary and Aunt Esther made

them, of the finest materials, with exquisite handiwork, employing the dressmaker merely to insure correctness in fashion.

Virginia knew that she was a well-cared-for and fortunate girl, and reminded herself of it again and again, especially on occasions such as the night after Florence's party.

"You know very well," Virginia said to herself in the glass, "that grandpa does n't like noise and fuss. Maybe you won't, either, when you get to be as old as he."

"But," objected the Other Virginia, who was also herself, "Christmas trees are such fun, and a birthday with presents on a table in your own room, and all the girls running in to see, would be *so* nice and — *mother-y*."

There were times when Virginia had to deal severely with the Other Virginia. "Are n't you *ashamed*, Virginia Greene," she said sternly, "always thinking about your own pleasure, even when you're sitting right here before your mama's picture — she who *never* thought about herself!"

The most precious legacy left by Margaret Atkins to her child was the universal testimony to the sunny sweetness of her nature, her forgetfulness of self, her vivid interest in whatever concerned those near her.

"You're not a *bit* like her," continued Virginia, "even if you were born on her birthday. Do you suppose *she* would be thinking about tables covered with presents for herself?"

The scolding of the Other Virginia came to a sudden end, the hair-brush stopped midway—a glorious idea leaped into existence.

Before she fell happily asleep she had planned it all out—she would celebrate her own birthday and her mother's!

No one thought anything of it that Virginia,

during the next weeks, kept pretty closely in her own room after school. The aunts were always busy with the affairs of the orderly household. Besides, Virginia was always quiet; she respected grandpa's dislike of noise.

Virginia's birthdays were by no means entirely overlooked. It was the judge's custom to add, on her birthday and on Christmas, fifty



"YOU KNOW VERY WELL," SAID VIRGINIA TO HERSELF IN THE GLASS.

dollars to the sum accumulating for the college expenses of Margaret's child; his daughters gave twenty-five dollars each.

Few girls receive gifts of the value of one hundred dollars. Yet, deep in her heart, Virginia preferred the tree and the party for her girl friends, although she said that grandpa was

"so kind" and Aunt Mary and Aunt Esther "did *everything*." Indeed, the judge and his daughters would have given their last dollar for Margaret's child; they did not know that her life lacked anything.

On Friday evening, the 9th, Judge Atkins looked up from his newspaper to his daughters busily sewing on Virginia's things, when the bell rang violently. It was a telegram from Edward: his wife, with the two children and nurse, would arrive in the morning for a week's visit.

When Virginia came down next morning, rooms were being prepared for the expected guests. This was but the third visit from Edward's wife since her marriage seven years before.

Virginia had somehow received the impression, from family discussions, that Aunt Gloria was—one might say, frivolous. "Gloria is a well-meaning girl," Aunt Esther would say defensively. "Yes," the judge would admit; "but not what you could call *dignified*." "A curious name—Gloria," Aunt Mary once commented. "But pretty, too, and suited to her," said Aunt Esther. "I prefer the sensible, old-fashioned names," said the judge, decisively.

Despite her long-standing desire to see Aunt Gloria, the news of her expected coming only sent Virginia directly to her room after breakfast. And when, later, that vivacious, auburn-haired lady herself arrived, with six-year-old Teddy and Baby Madge, Virginia stayed downstairs only to give them her shy greeting and then disappeared.

In the afternoon, the first excitement of the arrival over, Virginia's absence was observed.

"I've hardly seen Margaret's daughter; why does n't she come down?" asked Gloria.

As if to reply in person, Virginia appeared in the doorway. Her eyes shone; bright spots glowed in her cheeks.

"Grandpa," she began, "this is my birthday." The judge considered.

"Yes, so it is." He nodded. "The 10th—Margaret's birthday, too."

"I declare I'd forgotten," said Aunt Mary.

Gloria stared; she could hardly imagine her forgetting Virginia's birthday.

"I want to invite everybody to my party—it's going to be a surprise!" said Virginia.

The expressions on the aunts' faces indicated that it was indeed a surprise! The judge looked amazed.

"Will you all please come upstairs?" continued Virginia.

At this, the three older people apparently lost their tongues in astonishment.

"I'm so sorry, Virginia," cried Aunt Gloria, "that I did n't know about your birthday. I wish we had come a day earlier."

"Oh, but it's so delightful that you are here to-day, Aunt Gloria!" said Virginia. "And please bring Teddy and Madge."

They all followed Virginia upstairs.

In the center of her room stood a small table covered with various parcels neatly tied with ribbons.

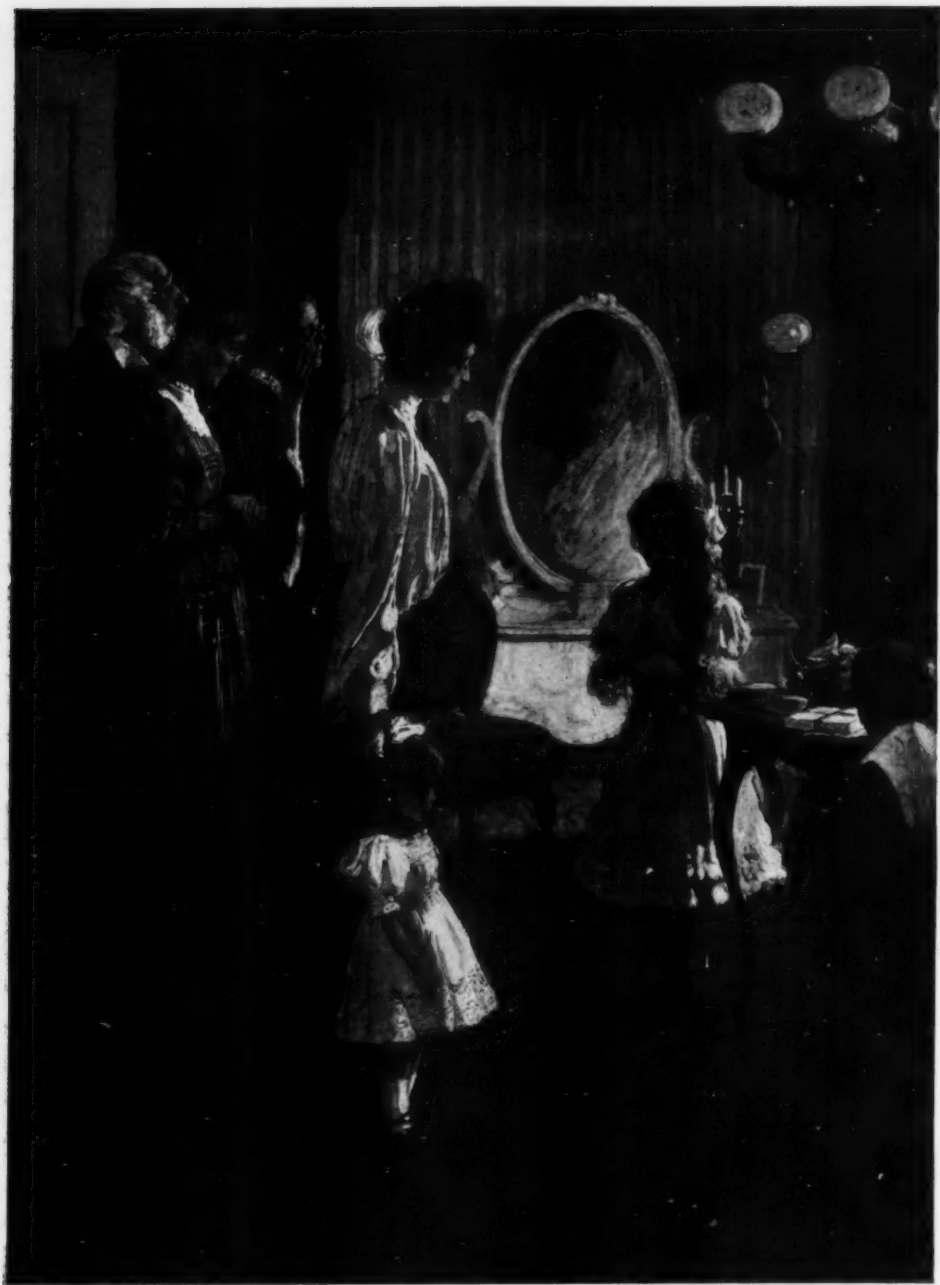
The red in Virginia's cheeks deepened. It was very embarrassing. But Margaret's daughter was, also, Judge Atkins's granddaughter—which meant that a thing once undertaken had to be carried through.

"I do *so* like birthday celebrations," she began; "especially a table with presents that are a surprise. But then I know it is n't nice to make a fuss. So I thought I'd just celebrate my birthday and mama's myself. And because it's mama's birthday, too, I thought of this way of celebrating—you know I'm not always like mama. I don't always remember about others first—it's hard for me. But this is n't only my party—it's *sort of* mama's party."

Virginia's eyes were stars, and her cheeks full-blown roses. Making a speech is exciting work. But she went on bravely:

"The night after Florence's party—her party was just lovely—I was thinking about—mama. And it just came to me then—now would n't it really be nicer to give presents on your birthday than to get them? And it's so much more proper, too, for a girl like me, that has so much, and everybody doing things for me. So I'm celebrating our birthday by giving things to the people who are so good to me. And I *do* think it's the most fun. Grandpa, it really is blessed to give than to receive, just as you've told me."

The audience stood stock-still and quite silent. Aunt Gloria's eyes and cheeks rivaled Virginia's. But Virginia, her shyness lost now in eagerness, was too busy to observe.



"'BECAUSE ITS MAMA'S BIRTHDAY, TOO, I THOUGHT OF THIS WAY OF CELEBRATING.'"

"This is for you, grandpa." She handed the bewildered old gentleman a little cardboard affair. "It's to hold your reading-glasses — it hangs on the wall, you know; when you lay them on the mantel, they often get brushed off."

The distribution continued — handkerchiefs neatly hemstitched, be-ribboned pincushions, needle-books, and so on. Hannah, the cook, and Baby Madge's nurse, present by invitation, were not overlooked. Some gifts for Florence and two other friends were laid aside.

"I'll take them over afterward," explained Virginia. "I did n't ask the girls to come, because — well, yes, grandpa, Florence *does* giggle sometimes, but she's a nice girl, I think — don't you?" She smiled apologetically while she defended her absent friend.

"If I'd only known you were coming," she said regretfully to Aunt Gloria, "I could have done so much better. It was lucky to-day is Saturday."

Aunt Gloria received a stock that showed some signs of hasty manufacture. Teddy was already racing up and down with a gorgeous pin-wheel. Baby Madge sat on the floor, smiling radiantly, her little fists full of gaily gowned paper-dolls and "peanut-men."

Teddy was the first to express himself — with the sincerity and emphasis of a six-year-old.

"Say, Virginia, if *anybody*'s all right, *you're* all right!"

"You darling, you!" Aunt Gloria was clasping Margaret's child to her heart.

"Why, my dear, my dear, bless you! bless you!" faltered the judge.

"Father, she's more like Margaret every day!" Aunt Esther actually kissed Virginia.

Aunt Mary had disappeared. When they finally went downstairs, there was a great fruit-cake on the table; Hannah, smiling delightedly, was bringing in tea. Aunt Mary was taking out her choicest china cups.

"This has been the loveliest birthday!" said Virginia, who was sitting happily in the circle of Aunt Gloria's arm, showing Baby Madge how to make her paper-dolls sit down.

"Father Atkins," Gloria said to the judge, "I want to take Virginia back with me to New York; I really need her help through the holidays."

Virginia fairly held her breath.

"She has no lessons next week," said Aunt Mary.

"And if Virginia would like to go —" began Aunt Esther.

"There's no reason why she should n't," concluded the judge.

After Virginia had fallen asleep, the judge and his daughters sat below with their guest.

Gloria Atkins's pretty face wore a determined look. That strange, stiff old gentleman and those queer, elderly sisters-in-law were older than herself; still, she believed that they were making a mistake, and she was courageous.

"Do you really never do anything on Virginia's birthday?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said Esther, hastily. "Father always puts away fifty dollars for her college money, and Mary and I add something."

"But what does a girl of her age know of a bank account? Besides, she will have her education, anyhow."

Gloria was quite respectful, but something in her voice made them uncomfortable. The judge settled the matter.

"Gloria," he said, a little huskily, "you are young, but you know some things I'm too old to learn. Since you came I've been seeing that we have missed giving Margaret's child the thing she needs most — her girlhood. God knows I would spare nothing, and the girls" — he meant his elderly daughters — "would give all they have for the child. But we've left out something. Gloria, in the future I think we'll have to look to you."

The twins were wiping their eyes — on handkerchiefs from "the table with presents that are a surprise." Gloria — impulsive, warm-hearted Gloria — had the judge's hand in both of hers.

"Father Atkins, *you* have done everything. *I* am the one to be blamed. I'm ashamed that I have n't come out here before. I should have known there was something for me, too, to do for Margaret's motherless girl. And I have never even asked if you needed my help."

So out of that evening's talk came an understanding and a firm bond of friendship among those four that never failed; and that birthday of Virginia brought results far-reaching and very pleasant to all concerned.

IN THE WORLD WITHOUT A SUN



BY H. S. CANFIELD.

AMONG the passengers on board the United States steamship *Petrel*, detailed to make deep-sea soundings under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, were Professor George Crenshaw of the Smithsonian Institution and Robert Lessing, his nephew. Bob was recovering from typhoid fever, and his uncle had secured him the berth of "custodian of instruments." The opportunity for combining a health-giving cruise with the chance to earn a little money on so interesting an expedition was one not to be missed by the wide-awake boy.

The mission of the boat was to take soundings in the lower portion of the Caribbean Sea. She was small, trim, and powerful, and neat as a pin from stem to stern. Her officers were a jovial and gentlemanly crew, and they took a liking to the pale, quiet boy who was never in the way, did not ask needless questions, and seemed anxious to bear a hand at whatever would be useful. The professor was in his element, telling stories, singing snatches of sea-songs, and overhauling the instruments for specks of rust. They went by islands whose "shores, like playhouse scenes, slid past their wondering eyes." They plowed waters of a

blue almost dazzling. They sighted the Southern Cross, and that great constellation burned to the southward like a beacon. Then they slacked speed and began sounding.

The rope was made of thin wires; it ran from a reel full of levers, wheels, and cogs. The reel had brakes on it to counteract the increased weight of the wire as it paid out the miles; it was screwed firmly to a stout platform built out from the side of the ship. Utmost care was taken to prevent the wire kinking, for when it kinked it broke; otherwise, as the professor said, "it would hold a buckskin mule with black stripes around his legs." The weight to carry the wire down was attached to its end, and when bottom was reached this weight came off automatically and stayed down forever. Here and there above the weight instruments were attached. One of them was a thermometer, which did not act until it was within three feet of the bottom. Then it registered the temperature, set itself, and stayed set. There was a little box which opened itself at the bottom, filled itself with sea-water, and shut. There was a valved tube which collected mud or sand. There was a cylinder which



A GLIMPSE INTO THE WORLD WITHOUT A SUN.

registered the pressure of the water; sometimes it was as high as eight thousand pounds to the square inch.

"That pressure," said the professor, "would thin a man out like a pancake."

The *Petrel* was not only a sounder, but a fisherman, and it was this work which the professor was superintending and recording. When it began he was busy from morning until night, and had no time for jokes except such as forced their way out of him in spite of himself. He had great alcohol-jars in which the smaller specimens were preserved, and he walked around the bigger ones as they sprawled, and measured them and photographed them and examined their tissues in steady delight. He told Bob that the work was of exceptional interest, because scarcely a haul was made in which he did not see something that no man had ever seen before, despite the fact that deep-sea fishing had been going on for years; so vast is the ocean floor and so innumerable the varieties of the inhabitants.

On the deck were large steel drums with cables wound about them, and these pieces of intricate machinery let down the weighted trawls by steam and hauled them up. Once they were down the *Petrel* either steamed at one-eighth speed or drifted on the current, and after a while the strain was put on and the drums began to turn slowly in the uplift. At first the engines groaned, because the steel nets always became half sunken in the soft bed; but as they came up, the water washed the mud from their meshes, and they reached the vessel's side clean and alive with the most wonderful squirming or flapping things. Never a man in his wildest dreams had such visions as those which confronted the watchers on the *Petrel's* deck.

Bob got an object-lesson one day in the meaning of sea-pressure. The sounding-wire had been let down, with a hollow metal sphere attached just above the sinking-weight. This sphere was a foot in diameter and made of finely tempered steel. The wire was wound in, and not twenty feet away the fishing-trawl was also coming in. They reached the surface simultaneously as he peered over the side. The steel sphere had been mashed into a thin disk and one of its edges rolled over in a cylinder.

In the trawl were half a dozen specimens of deep-sea life, and one of them, as it came into the air, blew up like a toy balloon. This fellow had been taken about half-way up, and being used to a pressure of some thousands of pounds to the square inch had naturally expanded rapidly when that pressure was released.

"We have brought up thousands of species," said the professor one day, in a lecturing mood, "but the government cannot hope to secure a specimen of each of the varieties, for they are too many, nor can we hope ever to capture any one of the larger kinds. They are so enormous that we could not handle them if they were caught. We know enough about the world down there, however, to know that if man could visit it, all of the wonder-stories written since time began would seem tame beside the marvels unfolded. No human imagination is equal to picturing even the least grotesque of those forms; we need them actually before us to appreciate them; and each haul of the net produces things which seem only outrageous contortions of nature. There is no sun in those abysses under miles of water, not a ray of our light ever pierces to the entrances of the vast caverns; yet there is a strange and ghostly light made by the fishes themselves, and if we could see it, we would seem to be in a land haunted by gleaming specters of the horrible. Passengers in great steamers plow merrily only a mile or two above monsters that would send them into spasms of fright if they could be seen close at hand. The deepest haul of a net ever made in the world was achieved by Americans off the Tonga Islands in the South Pacific. The trawl struck bottom twenty-three thousand feet below the surface; that is considerably more than four miles down, but even at that depth animal life was found. Those strange beings lived in water whose temperature was constantly just above the freezing-point, and under a pressure of nine thousand pounds to the square inch. To sink that net and bring it back again took a whole day of steady labor."

As a rule, however, the professor was too busy to lecture. When waiting for the net to come up he was making notes, or writing reports, or bottling specimens, and once the haul was on deck he was a man possessed by a quiet

frenzy. Discoveries wrung grunts of joy from him as he potted about, and he seized the commoner fishes and threw them back into the waves, saying in unprofessional language: "Get out! You're as common as pig-tracks!"

Pods; but the Latin names did not make them more inviting, or lessen the glare in their cruel black eyes.

Sometimes the net brought up coal-black things that were all mouth, with teeth fringing

the gap from end to end and bent backward like curved spines; sometimes there would be a great glaring single eye, with a little mouth under it, and a little tail running away from it; sometimes a huge disk, three feet in diameter and half an inch thick, would be the chief occupant of the steel meshes—a disk with no apparent means of locomotion, having no fins or tail or visible muscles. Fish that were all curves and fish that were all angles came up; round fish, square fish, fish of bones and scales, fish of flabby, defenseless flesh; fish of the most weird forms and hues. There were sharks seven feet long and sharks seven inches long; some of the fish were shaped like pigs and some like serpents; some of them had strangely human expressions of face, and some had faces more terrible than those of the gross beings in Doré's illustrations of the "Inferno." Of devil-fishes and squids alone there were hundreds of different kinds; some of these



A DEEP-SEA COMBAT.

Bob saw cuttlefish with six, seven, or eight arms; these last were the octopuses, but he did not eat any of them, though the black cook took some of the squids and made delicious dishes of them. The professor said that these specimens were sextopods, septopods, and octo-

floated through the water like milky clouds, and at great depths emitted steady halos of light like electric lamps in a drizzle.

But it seemed to Bob, when he had grown rather more used to these monsters, that it was in adapting and placing the eyes that Nature



had played her very strangest pranks. They caught one fish far down in the Carribæan that had no eyes at all, nor any places for eyes, but long antennæ ran out from its nose by which it felt its way and found its food. In the next haul was a fish with two convex lenses in place of eyes. These lenses were highly polished, or burnished; they were of a golden hue, and they gleamed in the sunlight like jewels. Another fish, a big fellow, had eyes which grew on stems, or stalks, that stuck out six inches from its head. Then came one with an eye that grew on a long stem like a lily-stem, quite eighteen inches from the nose, and the professor said that it was an eye made for poking itself into other fishes' business. The stem was flexible and waved backward and forward, or bent with its own weight; and sometimes the fish traveled with the eye doubled under it about the middle of its body, or trailing in the sand or mud. Some of the eyes when put into sea-water in the dark shone like lanterns; others of the fishes had brilliant spots along their sides that emitted a ghostly radiance, and they seemed to have lighted port-holes, or windows, like a slender steamer rushing through the seas after night.

Bob noticed that the skipper and officers seemed proud of the efficiency of the nets, and particularly of the sounding-apparatus, and he knew why,

one day, when the skipper pointed at the reel with its wire and said:

"That is the work of one of our boys.

His name was Brooke, and he was a middy at Annapolis, hailing from Virginia. It was away back in 1854 that he made a deep-sea sounding-rod, but it was so ingenious and so correct that all deep-sounding apparatus of the present day is based upon it. Other fellows improve it now and then—American fellows or foreign fellows; they put in a cog here or a ratchet there, but it is Brooke after all. He made the key that unlocked that black world down below us."

So the days went on, and Bob saw many things that he will remember as long as he lives. Strange, weird lives faded and went out under his eyes; strange bits of coral fascinated him; rocked on the ceaseless swing of the southern ocean, he dreamed at night of its wonders.

At last the voyage was over, but his head was crammed with odd facts; he mentioned the names of mysterious creatures as familiarly as he had formerly talked of golf or ball; ruddy, insistent, triumphant health came to him in plenty. He was as brown as a berry and his eyes were crystal clear when he climbed down from the van which bore the professor's treasures and rung the door-bell of his own home.

"Mother," he said, when her arms were around his neck, "it has been like a dream—I have been in another world!"



QUEEN ZIXI OF IX.

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BY L. FRANK BAUM,
Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

CHAPTER XIII.

TULLYDUB RESCUES THE KINGDOM.

ALL soldiers love to fight; so when the army of IX learned that they were to go to war, they rejoiced exceedingly over the news.

They polished up their swords and battle-axes, and sewed all the missing buttons on their uniforms, and mended their socks, and had their hair cut, and were ready to march as soon as the queen was ready to have them start.

King Bud of Noland had an army of seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven men, besides a general ten feet high; but the Queen of IX had an army more than twice as big, and she decided to lead it in person, so that when she had conquered the city of Nole she herself could seize the precious magic cloak which she so greatly coveted.

Therefore Queen Zixi rode out at the head of her army, clad in a suit of mail, with a glittering helmet upon her head that was surmounted by a flowing white plume. And all the soldiers cheered their queen and had no doubt at all that she would win a glorious victory.

Quavo the minstrel, who wandered constantly about, was on his way to Noland again; and while Queen Zixi's army was cutting a path through the forest and making a bridge to cross the river, he came speedily by a little-known path to the city of Nole, where he told Tullydub, the lord high counselor, what was threatening his king.

So, trembling with terror, Tullydub hastened

to the palace and called a meeting of the five high counselors in the king's antechamber.

When all were assembled, together with Bud and Fluff, the old man told his news and cried:

"We shall all be slaughtered and our king-



"THE GENERAL SAT DOWN SUDDENLY AND GREW PALE." (SEE PAGE 594.)

dom sacked and destroyed, for the army of IX is twice as big as our own — yes, twice as big!"

"Oh, pooh! What of that?" said Tollydob, scornfully; "have they a general as tall as I am?"

"Certainly not," said the chief counselor. "Who ever saw a man as tall as you are?"

"Then I'll fight and conquer them!" declared Tollydob, rising and walking about the

"And their queen is a witch," added Tallydab, nervously. "We must not forget that!"

"A witch!" exclaimed Princess Fluff, with sudden interest. "What does she look like?"

But all shook their heads at the question, and Tullydub explained:

"None of us has ever seen her, for we have never been friendly with the people of IX. But from all reports, Queen Zixi is both young and beautiful."

"Maybe it's the one who wanted to teach me witchcraft in order to steal my magic cloak!" said Fluff, with sudden excitement. "And when she found she could n't steal it, she went back after her army."

"What magic cloak do you refer to?" asked Tullydub.

"Why, the one the fairies gave me," replied Fluff.

"Is it of gorgeous colors with golden threads running through it?" asked the lord high general, now thoroughly interested.

"Yes," said the princess, "the very same."

"And what peculiar powers does it possess?"

"Why, it grants its wearer the fulfilment of one wish," she answered.

All the high counselors regarded her earnestly.

"Then that was the cloak I wore when I wished to be ten feet high!" said Tollydob.

"And I wore it when I wished I could reach the apple," said Tellydeb.

"And I wore it when I wished that my dog Ruffles could speak," said Tallydab.

"And I wore it when I wished the royal purse would always remain full," said Tillydib.

"I did not know that," remarked Fluff, thoughtfully. "But I'll never forget that I lent it to Aunt Rivette, and she wished she could fly!"



"THE LORD HIGH COUNSELOR DREW THE CLOAK OVER HIS SHOULDERS."

room, so that all might see where his head just grazed the ceiling.

"But you can't, general; you can't fight an army by yourself!" remonstrated Tullydub, excitedly. "And being so big, you are a better mark for their arrows and axes."

At this the general sat down rather suddenly and grew pale.

"Perhaps we can buy them off," remarked the lord high purse-bearer, jingling the purse that now never became empty.

"No, I'm afraid not," sighed Tullydub. "Quavo the minstrel said they were bent upon conquest, and were resolved upon a battle."

"Why, it's wonderful!" cried old Tullydub.
 "Has it granted you, also, a wish?"

"Yes," said Fluff, brightly. "And I've been happy ever since."

"And has your brother, the king, had a wish?" Tullydub inquired eagerly.

"No," said Bud. "I can still have mine."

"Then why does n't your Majesty wear the cloak and wish that your army shall conquer the Queen of Ix's?" asked the lord high counselor.

"I'm saving my wish," answered Bud, "and it won't be that, either."

"But unless something is done we shall all be destroyed," protested Tullydub.

"Then wear the cloak yourself," said Bud.

"You have n't had a wish yet."

"Good!" cried the four other counselors; and the lord high general added: "That will surely save us from any further worry."

"I'll fetch the cloak at once," said Fluff, and she ran quickly from the room to get it.

"Supposing," Tullydub remarked hesitatingly, "the magic power should n't work?"

Then Fluff arrived with the cloak; and, after considering carefully how he would speak his wish, the lord high counselor drew the cloak over his shoulders and said solemnly:

"I wish that we shall be able to defeat our enemies, and drive them all from the kingdom of Noland."

"Did n't you make two wishes instead of one?" asked the princess, anxiously.

"Never mind," said the general; "if we defeat them it will be easy enough to drive them from our kingdom."

The lord high counselor removed the cloak and carefully refolded it.

"If it grants my wish," said he, thoughtfully, "it will indeed be lucky for our country that the Princess Fluff came to live in the palace of the king."

The queen formed her men into a line of battle facing the army of Nole, and they were so numerous in comparison with their enemies that even the more timorous soldiers gained confi-



F. RICHARDSON

"AND RUFFLES WOULD PRETEND TO BE SCRATCHING HIS NOSE WITH HIS LEFT HIND FOOT." (SEE PAGE 596.)

"Oh, but it will!" answered the general.

"I'm sure it will," said the steward.

"I know it will," declared the purse-bearer.

"It cannot fail," affirmed the executioner; "remember what it has already done for us!"

dence, and stood up straight and threw out their chests as if to show how brave they were.

Then Queen Zixi, clad in her flashing mail and mounted upon her magnificent white charger, rode slowly along the ranks, her white

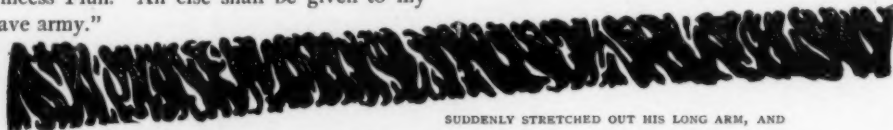
plume nodding gracefully with the motion of the horse.

And when she reached the center of the line she halted, and addressed her army in a voice that sounded clear as the tones of a bell and reached to every listening ear.

"Soldiers of the land of Ix," she began, "we are about to engage in a great battle for conquest and glory. Before you lies the rich city of Nole, and when you have defeated yonder army and gained the gates you may divide among yourselves all the plunder of gold and silver and jewels and precious stones that the place contains."

Hearing this, a great shout of joy arose from the soldiers, which Zixi quickly silenced with a wave of her white hand.

"For myself," she continued, "I desire nothing more than a cloak that is owned by the Princess Fluff. All else shall be given to my brave army."



"THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER

"But—suppose we do not win the battle?" asked one of her generals, anxiously. "What then do we gain?"

"Nothing but disgrace," answered the queen, haughtily. "But how can we fail to win when I myself lead the assault? Queen Zixi of Ix has fought a hundred battles and never yet met with defeat!"

There was more cheering at this, for Zixi's words were quite true. Nevertheless, her soldiers did not like the look of that silent army of Nole standing so steadfastly before the gates and facing the invaders with calm determination.

Zixi herself was somewhat disturbed at this sight, for she could not guess what powers the magic cloak had given to the Nolandars. But in a loud and undaunted voice she shouted the command to advance; and while trumpets blared and drums rolled, the great army of Ix awoke to action and marched steadily upon the men of Nole.

Bud, who could not bear to remain shut up in his palace while all this excitement was occurring outside the city gates, had slipped away

from Fluff and joined his gigantic general, Tollydob. He was, of course, unused to war, and when he beheld the vast array of Zixi's army he grew fearful that the magic cloak might not be able to save his city from conquest.

Yet the five high counselors, who were all present, seemed not to worry the least bit.

"They're very pretty soldiers to look at," remarked old Tollydob, complacently. "I'm really sorry to defeat them, they march so beautifully."

"But do not let your kind-hearted admiration for the enemy interfere with our plans," said the lord high executioner, who was standing by with his hands in his pockets.

"Oh, I won't!" answered the big general, with a laugh which was succeeded by a frown. "Yet I can never resist admiring a fine soldier, whether he fights for or against me. For in-

SUDDENLY STRETCHED OUT HIS LONG ARM, AND

stance, just look at that handsome officer riding beside Queen Zixi—her chief general, I think. Is n't he sweet? He looks just like an apple, he is so round and wears such a tight-fitting red jacket. Can't you pick him for me, friend Tellydeb?"

"I'll try." And the lord high executioner suddenly stretched out his long arm, and reached the far-away general of Ix, and pulled him from the back of his horse.

Then, amid the terrified cries that came from the opposing army, Tellydeb dragged his victim swiftly over the ground until he was seized by the men of Nole and firmly bound with cords.

"Thank you, my friend," said the general, again laughing and then frowning. "Now get for me that pretty queen, if you please."

Once more the long arm of the lord high executioner shot out toward the army of Ix. But Zixi's keen eyes saw it coming, and instantly she disappeared, her magical arts giving her power to become invisible.

Tellydeb, puzzled to find the queen gone, seized another officer instead of her and dragged

him quickly over the intervening space to his own side, where he was bound by the Nolanders and placed beside his fellow-captive.

Another cry of horror came from the army of IX, and with one accord the soldiers stopped short in their advance. Queen Zixi, appearing again in their midst, called upon her wavering soldiers to charge quickly upon the foe.

But the men, bewildered and terrified, were deaf to her appeals. They fled swiftly back, over the brow of the hill, and concealed them-

his seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven men out of the city gates and formed them in line of battle on the brow of a hill. Then he asked Aunt Rivette to fly over the top of the mountain and see where the enemy was located.

The old woman gladly undertook the mission. She had by this time become an expert flier, and, being proud to resemble a bird, she dressed herself in flowing robes of as many colors as a poll-parrot could boast. When she mounted into the air, streamers of green and



REACHED THE FAR-AWAY GENERAL OF IX, AND PULLED HIM FROM HIS HORSE."

selves in the wooded valley until the sun set. And it was far into the night before Queen Zixi succeeded in restoring her line of battle.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ROUT OF THE ARMY OF IX.

THE next day was a busy one in the city of Nole. The ten-foot lord high general marched

yellow silk floated behind her in quite a beautiful and interesting fashion, and she was admired by all beholders.

Aunt Rivette flew high above the mountain-top, and there she saw the great army of Queen Zixi climbing up the slope on the other side. The army also saw her, and stopped short in amazement at seeing a woman fly like a bird. They had before this thought their queen sure of vic-

tory, because she was a witch and possessed many wonderful arts; but now they saw that the people of Noland could also do wonderful things, and it speedily disheartened them.

Then all the soldiers would look around to see who had spoken these fearful words, but could see nothing but a little dog; and Ruffles would pretend to be scratching his nose with his left hind foot, and would look so innocent that they never for a moment suspected he could speak.

"We are surrounded by invisible foes!" cried the soldiers; and they would have fled even then had not Queen Zixi called them cowards and stubbornly declared that they only fancied they had heard the voices speak. Some of them believed her, and some did not; but they decided to remain and fight, since they had come so far to do so.

Then they formed in line of battle again and marched boldly toward the army of Noland.

While they were still a good way off, and the generals were riding in front of their soldiers, the lord high executioner suddenly stretched out his long arm and pulled another general of Ix from his horse, as he had done the day before, dragging him swiftly over the ground between the op-

posing armies until he was seized by the men of Nole and tightly bound with cords.

The soldiers of Ix uttered murmurs of horror at this sight, and stopped again.

Immediately the long arm shot out, and pulled another general from their ranks, and made him prisoner.

Queen Zixi raved and stormed with anger; but the lord high executioner, who was enjoying himself immensely, continued to grab officer after officer and make them prisoners: and so



"THE GIGANTIC TEN-FOOT GENERAL OF THE ARMY OF NOLE STEPPED IN FRONT OF HIS MEN."

Zixi ordered them to shoot a thousand arrows at Aunt Rivette, but quickly countermanded the order, as the old woman was too high to be injured, and the arrows would have been wasted.

When the army of Ix had climbed the mountain and was marching down again toward Nole, the lord high steward sent his dog Ruffles to them to make more mischief. Ruffles trotted soberly among the soldiers of Ix, and once in a while he would pause and say in a loud voice:

"The army of Noland will conquer you."

far there had been no sign of battle; not an arrow had been fired nor an ax swung.

Then, to complete the amazement of the enemy, the gigantic ten-foot general of the army of Nole stepped in front of his men and waved around his head a flashing sword six feet in length, while he shouted in a voice like a roar of thunder, that made the army of Ix tremble.

mountain-top and down the other side and then scattering in every direction, each man for himself and as if he feared the entire army of Noland was at his heels.

But it was n't. Not a soldier of Nole had moved in pursuit. Every one was delighted at the easy victory, and King Bud was so amused at the sight of the flying foe that he rolled on the



"BUD WAS SO AMUSED AT THE SIGHT OF THE FLYING FOE THAT HE ROLLED ON THE GROUND IN LAUGHTER."

"Forward, soldiers of Noland—forward! Destroy the enemy, and let none escape!"

It was more than the army of Ix could bear. Filled with terror, the soldiers threw down their arms and fled in a great panic, racing over the

ground in laughter, and even the fierce-looking General Tollydob grinned in sympathy.

Then, with bands playing and banners flying, the entire army marched back into the city, and the war between Noland and Ix was over.

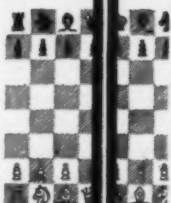
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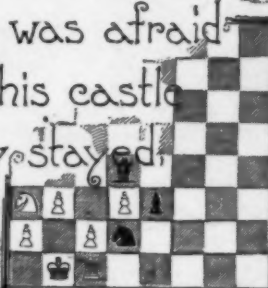



A MAY-DAY PARTY.

600

RIDDLES IN RHYME.

 I know a very ancient game
Now see if you can guess;
Its name begins with C H E
And ends with double S .

 THE horseman, the parson,
The king and his wife,
All went to battle
And fought for dear life.

The dwarfs ran ahead
But the king was afraid
And back of his castle
He prudently stayed.

Till a horseman came jumping
Right over the house,
And caught the poor king
In a trap like a mouse.


TWO FUNNY FRENCH BEARS.

BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

I WONDER what Bruin thought of it all. For years he had looked up at just such little girls; and now one was actually in the same pit with himself. True it was smaller than the children

countenance as he held the wax figure within a few inches of his nose brought shrieks of laughter from the onlookers above, and no one enjoyed the fun more than the baby boy who had accidentally dropped the doll in the first place. Nurses lifted their little tots higher that they might get a better view, and larger children squeezed between the French, English, and American visitors who always flock to this famous Jardin des Plantes, and who now thronged to this bear-pit especially. Their exclamations and merriment did not disturb Bruin though, for he was too much interested in his new-found possession. Sometimes he held it in both paws, sometimes he clasped it in one bear arm as shown in the picture. It was too little a child to hug even if he had wished to do so, and he

must have wondered why it did not cry out, or kick, or bite, or make some sort of resistance. Plainly, if ever a bear was puzzled that bear was. If he thought it a little human cub,—and I should not be surprised if that is just what he did think,—he must have had a mighty poor opinion of all those

grown-up creatures above who would not risk their lives to save the little one. Accidentally his nose tilted the stylish hat off, and when, some

few minutes later, his huge paw as unintentionally knocked off that curious cub's head so that the sawdust came streaming out, I wondered, indeed, what he could have thought of it all. Now

who usually peeked through the railings; but then it was finely dressed, and had long flowing hair, and eyes, nose, and mouth, too, just like other children. The comical expression of his

do you suppose he thought, as he glanced up at all those laughing people leaning far over the railing, that, because they looked like the doll, they were stuffed with sawdust, too?

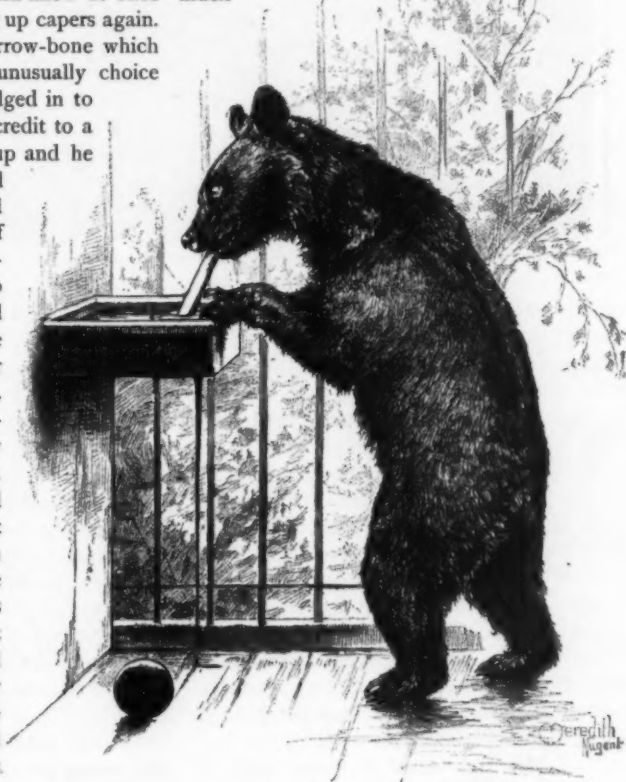


AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

There was another bear in this same Jardin des Plantes in Paris, a roly-poly, rollicking sort of bear, that gave an exhibition of such apparent intelligence that I have never seen it equaled by any bear since, and but rarely by any other animal before that time. It was just after feeding-time and most of the animals were dozing, when we heard noises down at the farthest of the inclosures, and knew at once that the little bear was cutting up capers again. This time he had a large marrow-bone which must have contained some unusually choice morsel, for the antics he indulged in to get at this would have done credit to a circus clown. He tipped it up and he tipped it down, and he turned it all sorts of ways. He poised it over his upturned head as if in some vain hope that the contents might accidentally drop into his mouth. Then he would leave it altogether and amble curiously around the cage or play with the wooden ball. His mind did not leave it, however, for he would constantly return to the old performance. In his eagerness he would roll clear over and fall into the most ludicrous positions, as though the more ridiculous an object he made of himself, the better his chances would be to get that marrow. Once he nearly rolled a back somersault and actually did balance himself on the back of his neck, with one end of that bone held between his hind feet, and the other pointing to his open mouth below. Then he carried it to the little water-tank, but it dropped to the floor instead of into the water, as he evidently intended it should. He picked it up and dropped it again and again, but somehow his clumsiness always foiled him of his purpose, whatever that purpose was. At last he succeeded; and now that the bone was in the

water he sucked on the projecting end of it with all his might. The result of this was that the much-sought-after morsel was drawn up into his mouth with the water.

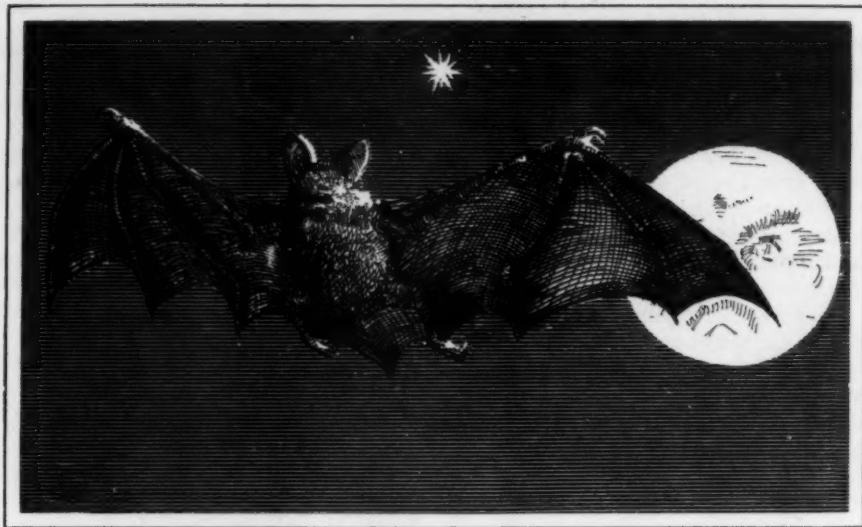
Did that little bear know that by drawing water through the bone he would probably get the morsel he so much



BRUIN AND THE MARROW-BONE.

desired? This was the question we all asked ourselves. But no one could answer it.

For aught we knew, it might have been an old trick of his, learned years ago as a result of one of those lucky accidents which the history of invention tells us sometimes fall to the lot of the greatest human discoverers.



THE BAT: A FABLE.

By H. P.



A MOUSE, one time, rendered a service of some importance to one of the eagles of Jupiter. "Ask," said the grateful bird, "anything that you desire, and in the name of my master, Jove, I promise to grant it to you."

"Oh, sir," said the mouse, eagerly, "I have long felt the mortification of living among such vulgar creatures as the beasts, and have ardently desired to associate with the more refined society of the birds. If you could but grant me wings, my happiness would be complete."

"Consider well what you ask," said the eagle, gravely. "Nature has placed you in a certain grade of society, and you need not hope that *wings* alone will make you a bird."

"I have considered the matter thoroughly," said the mouse, "and feel certain that if I

had but wings I could at last associate with those I have so long envied and admired."

"Very well," said the eagle; "be it so!" and, instantly, wings springing from the mouse's shoulders, the first bat was created.

His ambitious desires, however, were not realized; for the birds, perceiving that he still had ears and a tail and was, besides, covered with hair, would not associate with him, while, upon the other hand, his own pride had withdrawn him from his old companions.

"Alas!" said the poor, lonely animal, "why was I not contented with the humble sphere that nature intended me to fill? My very wings, that I hoped would be my pride, now prevent me from walking upon the ground, where I belong."

So mortified and disappointed was he that thenceforth he ventured out into the world no longer by daylight, but only at night, when all other creatures had retired.



PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

IV. HOW PINKEY DELIVERED AN ADDRESS.

CHILDREN'S DAY at the church was drawing near, and each day Pinkey Perkins was becoming more and more impressed with a sense of his personal importance. He had been selected to deliver the "Welcome Address to the Fathers and Mothers" on that occasion. When he had been informed of the fact in the beginning, he had not looked on it with favor. Heretofore his oratorical efforts had been confined to the school-room, and he lacked the necessary confidence to attempt such a courageous feat. But his mother had been assured by the lady who consulted her on the subject, that the committee had carefully considered all the boys available for the honor, and had decided that of all these Pinkey was the one to make the address.

When the task had been turned over to him and he had set about practising, it was with a pardonable air of superiority that Pinkey, on occasions, when invited to join in some after-school game of "scrub" or take part in an attack on some newly discovered bumble-bees' nest, would reply, with a sort of bored air: "I wish I could, but I've got to go and rehearse."

True, there were others who had "to go and rehearse," but not in the way that Pinkey did. While they devoted their time to singing and went to practise collectively, he went alone to Miss Lyon, his Sunday-school teacher. That lady, being a teacher of elocution, had taken the task of drilling Pinkey in the most effective delivery for his first public oration.

"Humph! You need n't feel so smart," retorted Bunny Morris one day when Pinkey had referred rather loftily to "my address"; "you're not the only one who has to practise."

It happened that Bunny was one of eight who were to sing in chorus on Children's Day, and, although he would not admit it, the fact that Pinkey had been selected to make the "Welcome Address" rankled in Bunny's bosom.

When Bunny had made this stinging remark, Pinkey merely replied in his condescending way: "I don't 'practise.' I rehearse."

Pinkey had really entered on his work with a will, and a week before the eventful Sunday he had committed the whole of his address to memory and could recite it perfectly.

This statement, however, must be slightly modified. Sometimes, in rehearsing, he would have difficulty with certain portions of it, and that difficulty came about in this way:

Once in two weeks Miss Vance, Pinkey's school-teacher, required one half of her pupils to "recite a piece," either prose or poetry. For Pinkey's part in one of these bi-weekly punishments, as they were looked upon by the pupils, she had assigned him "The Supposed Speech of John Adams." Pinkey had surprised her by acquitting himself with credit on the occasion, for he had spent hours and days of careful preparation on it—"just to make her think it was easy," as he expressed it.

For some time, Red Feather, as she was known among her pupils, had not made Pinkey's school-life a bed of roses. Since one memorable Monday morning, when she had found four able-bodied mice secreted in her desk, she had always felt certain that he was responsible for their presence. From that day, the examples hardest to work, the States hardest to bound, and the words hardest to parse, according to Pinkey's standard, had fallen to his lot. It was to this "partiality" that Pinkey attributed his assignment of the "Supposed Speech."

Now, the author of the "Welcome Address," when in search of suitable material for that literary effort, had evidently used as a reference-work "Great Speeches of Great Men," wherein was printed "The Supposed Speech of John Adams." Owing to this fact, several portions of the "Supposed Speech," either word for word

or slightly modified, had found their way into the "Address." Oratorical flights were scattered all through it, such as: "Let not those beneath these vaulted roofs, within these hallowed walls, upon this memorable occasion, forget the incontestable vital truth that it is the young blood, the young mind, that we look to for our support," and so forth—sentiments more appropriate to John Adams's speech than to a Children's Day address.

In rehearsing, Pinkey found it hard not to confuse the two orations. In fact, neither was to him much more than a series of high-sounding phrases, intended more to impress the ear than to enlighten the mind. This is why it is necessary to modify the statement that Pinkey knew his address perfectly a week before the date appointed for its delivery.

As a reward for his diligence, Pinkey's mother promised him what had long been his heart's desire—a pair of patent-leather shoes that laced up the front and had sharp-pointed toes incased in fancy-edged tips.

Besides, since his unfortunate experience on the way home from Red Feather's party, he felt that he had been continually losing ground with his Affinity, and he hoped that the possession of a pair of patent-leather shoes might turn her in his favor.

Eddie Lewis, his arch-rival for her affections, had been paying her marked attention of late, and to Pinkey it seemed that she regarded these attentions as more or less acceptable.

Pinkey felt that the important moment when his Affinity must choose once and for all between him and Eddie would be when he should appear on the rostrum and, by his manly bearing and glowing oratory, win everlasting approval or disapproval. Consequently, he set great store by the promised shoes, which he felt would be not a small factor in making his appearance all that could be desired and thereby serve as an aid in fanning back to life the waning affections of his Affinity.

Saturday evening came at last, and, to Pinky's delight, he was allowed to go down-town with his father and try on the coveted shoes, and to carry them home. He insisted on putting them on again when he got home, just to show his mother how well they fitted him and

how far superior they were to anything he or any of the boys had ever had before, and how high the heels were and how bright and shiny the toes. And Pinkey was doubly proud of them on account of the squeak that accompanied each step. Before he went to bed, he carefully wrapped them up again and replaced them in their box, in order that no speck of dust might get on them and mar the luster that he depended on to melt the heart of his Affinity.



PINKEY ADMIRES HIS PATENT-LEATHERS.

As he lay in bed that night, reciting his address over and over, and making his gestures in the darkness, he pictured the envy of the others as they saw him in his new shoes mount the platform to declaim his welcome. He had said nothing to any one about the shoes his mother had promised him,—not even to Bunny,—and he looked forward to the envy they would arouse among his less fortunate companions.

When Pinkey awoke next morning, it was raining; but no rain could dampen his spirits on such an occasion as this. He wore his ordinary "Sunday shoes" to Sunday-school that morning, desiring not to show his patent-leathers until the time came for his address.

On account of the rain and mud, Mrs. Perkins suggested that it might be better not to wear the new shoes to the exercises; but Pinkey could not think of such a blow to his plans, and his mother had not the heart to wound his pride

by insisting on her suggestion, and, besides, she feared he might not do so well with his speech if he were plunged into disappointment after all his anticipations.

"Pinkey," said his mother, after putting the last finishing touches to his toilet, "since you *must* wear your new shoes in all this rain and mud, I want you to put on these high overshoes of mine, to keep your shoes clean."

To this compromise Pinkey reluctantly assented, but later found his action to be a wise one, as he encountered the muddy crossings on the way to church, against which his own rubbers would have been but little protection.

Pinkey's heart swelled with pride as he strutted along between his father and mother on the way to the church. But as he saw the people entering the building, several of whom spoke encouraging words to him about his forthcoming address, he began to feel a little shaky and noticed his heart beating faster than he liked. He kept trying to swallow a lump of suppressed excitement that would go neither up nor down.

If Pinkey gave these symptoms more than a passing thought, he attributed them to his inward exultation and not to any manifestation of stage-fright—a malady of which, up to that time, he had never known the existence.

Pinkey left his parents at their pew and marched on up the carpeted aisle, looking neither to right nor left. He mounted the rostrum and took his seat on one of the uncomfortable, high-backed, hair-cloth chairs which, since time immemorial, had occupied space at either end of the equally uncomfortable, though not so high-backed, hair-cloth sofa on the platform. The top of the seat was rounded in form, and Pinkey found it hard to retain his position and his composure at the same time.

As the time drew near for the exercises to begin, Pinkey became more and more nervous. The church became full to overflowing, despite

the bad weather, and, look where he would, Pinkey found hundreds of eyes gazing at him. He envied those in the chorus, because they each had seven others to assist in the singing, but he must get up and do his part all alone.

Presently the minister appeared and attempted to put the children at their ease by shaking hands with each one and uttering a few words of encouragement.

The members of the chorus were seated on a long bench on one side of the rostrum, and were partly hidden by the banks of flowers, while Pinkey sat alone on the other side, out in full view of the congregation, where he could get only an occasional, uncertain view of the



PINKEY REHEARSES IN BED — "RECITING HIS ADDRESS OVER AND OVER, AND MAKING HIS GESTURES IN THE DARKNESS."

others. His Affinity was there, but he could not muster up the courage to look at her.

He tried to look unconcerned, but he knew the utter failure he was making. Once he saw Putty Black grin and whisper something behind his hand to the girl next to him, and then they both looked at Pinkey and tittered.

By and by the last bell stopped ringing and the exercises began. By the time the chorus had sung the "Welcome Carol," and the minister had made the opening prayer, Pinkey had partly regained his composure. But the minis-

ter's reference to the "bright young faces" around him, and the pleasure he felt and that he was sure every member of the congregation must feel "on such an occasion," made the

Then he began. Automatically the words came, but his voice sounded hollow and strange. His throat was parched, and it was with difficulty that he could get his breath. The roaring in his

ears made his voice sound as though it came from far in the distance. The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead, and he felt hot and cold by turns. Still on he went, though it seemed that each word must be his last.

About midway of his speech, in order to allow the full import of his words to awe his hearers, Pinkey had been taught to strike an attitude and pause for effect. Reaching that point, he paused, right hand uplifted, left foot ad-



"PINKEY SLID FROM HIS PERCH ON THE HAIR-CLOTH CHAIR."

pitapat of Pinkey's heart seem to him loud enough to drown all other sounds.

After a few other appropriate remarks, during which Pinkey's discomfort became more and more marked, the minister announced his "pleasure in presenting to the congregation the orator of the day," who would welcome the fathers and mothers on this joyous occasion—"Master Pinkerton Perkins."

Pinkey slid from his perch on the hair-cloth chair as the minister seated himself on the mate to it at the other end of the sofa.

With shaking knees, he walked to the front. When he stopped, his legs trembled so violently that he felt sure every one in the congregation must notice his quaking knees.

He could distinguish nothing. All before him was an indistinct blur. Beyond, at the rear of the auditorium, he could make out a hazy, arched opening. That, he knew, was the door. He looked for his mother, but his eyes would focus on nothing, and the intense stillness that pervaded the whole room only added to the suffering he was undergoing.

vanced. As he put his foot forward, a nauseating wave of sudden mortification swept over him. *Now* he knew why Putty Black had whispered to the girl next to him. *Now* he knew why they had both tittered as they looked at him. Gradually he bent his head and looked down until his gaze met his feet. The sight that greeted his eyes sickened him.

He had forgotten to take off his mother's overshoes!

The shock of this realization, combined with his stage-fright, rendered Pinkey utterly helpless. He stood as one petrified, speechless, before the assembled throng. He stared glassily at his overshoes; they seemed fascinating in their hideousness. A stir in the congregation awakened him to the fact that he had been standing mute, he knew not how long.

He tried to continue his address, but the words had taken wings. Miss Lyon attempted to prompt him, but all her efforts proved futile. He could not take up the broken thread.

Yet he dare not quit the platform with his speech unfinished and go down to ignominious

failure before the eyes of the congregation, of his father, his mother, and, above all, his Affinity.

Then came a brilliant thought. "The Supposed Speech of John Adams"! Since the two speeches were so similar, why would not that do instead of the one he could not remember?

Without further delay, he began: "Sink or swim! live or die! survive or perish! I give *my* hand and *my* heart to this vote! It is true that, in the beginning, we aimed not at Independence; but there 's a Divinity that shapes our ends —" and so on, without hesitation, clear to the end.

Delivering his school-room speech, he regained his school-room composure, and as he spoke he gathered courage. His voice became natural and his lost faculties, one by one, returned. His knees became firm again, and his heart became normal. What had been but a hazy blur became a sea of faces, and all within the church began to take definite form.

As Pinkey concluded, he made a sweeping bow, once more possessed of all his customary assurance.

Spontaneously the congregation burst into applause, such as the old walls had never heard on any occasion. Every one had seen his overshoes, and had been moved to sympathy when they saw his embarrassment on discovering them. That he had left out part of his address, which he had plainly forgotten, and delivered another entirely out of keeping

with his subject and the occasion, only increased their admiration for his determination and grit.

With his head erect, Pinkey faced about and returned to his chair. As he did so he gave a look of triumph at his Affinity, and received in return a look that told him, plainer than words, that, overshoes or no overshoes, he had won her unqualified approval.

When he reached his place, he knelt down,



PINKEY DISCOVERS HIS OVERSHOES.

calmly removed the overshoes, and, with his heart swelling with pride at the ringing applause, resumed his seat on the hair-cloth chair.

THE BLUEBIRD.

BY SILAS A. LOTTRIDGE.



A GENTLE south wind has been blowing at intervals for a week, the snowbanks are diminishing in size, and here and there the brown earth seems to be pushing itself up from beneath. The sun has loosed the ice fetters, and again the murmur of the brook is heard; over the water the pussy-willows are hanging their swollen buds; and out in the grove the sap is beginning to drop from the maple-trees. These are signs of spring, indeed! Now it is time to listen for the note of the bluebird. A plaintive note it is at first, but it will soon give place to a pleasing song, never loud, but always sweet and altogether suggestive of the warblers.

How welcome it is—that bit of blue and brown flitting among the yet naked boughs of the old apple-trees! We look for the bluebird in spring with a feeling different from that for any other bird during the whole year. His note awakens within us the assurance of the quick return of the spring-beauty and wake-robin and of a whole troop of songsters.

In a day or two Lady Bluebird will arrive—a very modest little woman, with less brightly colored plumage than her lord's, and more retiring manners. Now, if you are patient, you will have an opportunity to observe a most interesting courtship. Mr. Bluebird is an attentive lover, exhibiting to his lady all the charms of his beautiful plumage, singing to her his sweetest songs, and feeding her with the choicest bits of food to be found. In actual bird life it sometimes happens that a rival will appear upon the scene, and then there are many contests with voice and beak until one or the other is vanquished. After this the courtship proceeds smoothly, and before long the birds begin to look about for a suitable place for

house-keeping. The "bird-boxes" and small cavities in trees are carefully inspected, and when a spot is found to their liking, a nest is quickly made if the birds are not interfered with in their work. The house-wrens, and especially the English sparrows, are their greatest enemies, and often attempt to drive the bluebirds away. But when once settled they are very determined, and usually succeed in maintaining their own. However, year by year they are becoming less numerous about our dwellings on account of the English sparrows.

In my bird note-book I find a sketch of the bluebird families that have occupied a bird-box for several years in succession. The box was erected against the side of a large tree that stood in the rear of the house. It consisted of a hollow limb about twenty inches long and six inches in diameter, closed at the top and bottom, and having a hole in one side. On another side was a door, through which the nest and contents could be inspected. It was placed about ten feet from the ground and connected with a microphone, and a line joined it to a telephone receiver in the house. A microphone is to the ear what the microscope is to the eye; it consists of loose pieces of carbon so arranged as to magnify any near-by sound, just as a lens magnifies an image in a microscope.

I did not expect to obtain results that could any more readily be turned into words than can the notes of the veery, or the singing of a mountain stream; but I wanted to hear the notes of the old birds and their young when undisturbed by man, and this was the only method known to me of accomplishing the desired end.

When the arrangements were completed, I waited for the house to be occupied. By March 20 it had been inspected by many bluebirds, but none had decided to remain. Through the apparatus I had the pleasure of

listening to bluebird conversations such as I had never heard before. As the birds were house-hunting, their notes at times were very



THE "BOX" WITH THE "DOOR" REMOVED, SHOWING THE MICROPHONE AND CONNECTIONS.

spirited, and their quick movements were plainly indicative of their excitement.

The first week in April, after a very careful inspection of the house, inside and out, a pair of bluebirds decided to remain. They commenced the nest at once, using fine grass as material. The sounds of their building could be heard very distinctly through the telephone receiver. The third day a great commotion was announced over the line, and on investigation I found that some English sparrows were trying to turn the bluebirds out. After two days of disturbance the bluebirds were victorious, but the male bird kept a very careful watch about the box for several days; and he proved himself to be a veritable "blue streak" to every English sparrow that came within a hundred feet of his home.

In due season the nest was finished, and on April 23 there were five eggs. By May 7 all the eggs were hatched. The peeping of the

little birds and the quieting notes of the mother could be plainly heard through the receiver. The notes varied greatly in pitch and quality. The mother bird used certain notes that the little ones appeared to answer, just as chickens will respond to certain sounds and movements of the hen. A certain note from the mother hen will call the chickens, while another will send them immediately to cover if a hawk appears in the sky.

When the mother bluebird was in the nest and the little ones were making a noise, if some one carefully approached the tree and scratched on the bark, the mother would give one low note and all would immediately be quiet. Each repetition of the experiment called forth the same low note.

This naturally leads to the query: Is this true of other birds as well? I believe it is.



THE "BOX" WITH THE "DOOR" CLOSED.

It is a fact that the ruffed grouse does it, and there is every reason to believe that all birds have some sort of language of their own.

The old birds of this family early became very tame. On the ninth day after the young were hatched, the female must have been killed, for she disappeared on that day and was not seen again. This tragedy seemed to discourage the male, and seeing that the young were in danger of starving, we took them into the house and brought them up by hand. They became great pets, and after they could fly about the yard they would come for their food several times a day. They remained until August 15, and after that I was not sure that I saw them again, for one bluebird looks very much like another.

In late summer the song of the bluebird is changed to a plaintive note that is as suggestive of coming winter as the song is of returning spring. At this season of the year, and especially in autumn, it is usual to see small flocks of them along the roadsides and about



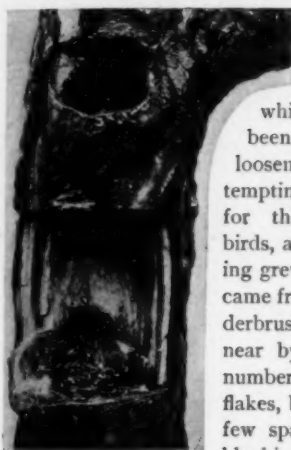
THE NEST WITH "DOOR" REMOVED, SHOWING THE EGGS.

the orchards. At the approach of winter the greater number of these bluebirds migrate to the southern part of the United States, and some probably go as far south as the West Indies.

During mild winters a few remain in the Northern States, and those who are fortunate enough to ramble about the hedges and byways find them in sheltered places. On pleasant days, too, they are sometimes seen in the open fields among the brown weeds, eagerly searching for the few seeds that the wind shakes from the pods still above the snow; or occasionally they may

even be found flitting about the haystacks near the barns, where the cattle are fed in pleasant weather.

One January morning I saw a very unusual bird-picture about one of these stacks. The



THE NESTLINGS.

ground was covered with a thick blanket of snow, over

which the hay had been scattered. The loosened seeds were tempting bits of food for the hungry wild birds, and as the morning grew warmer a flock came from the thick underbrush of the woods near by. The greater number were snowflakes, but there were a few sparrows and five bluebirds. On nature's

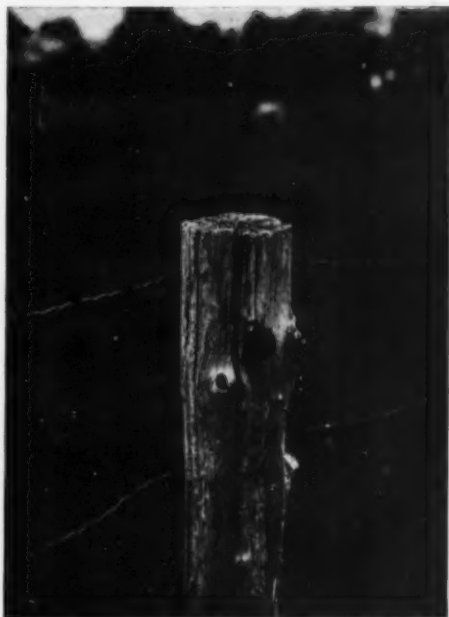
white background the blue of the bluebirds, the gray of the sparrows, and the brown and white of the snowflakes made indeed a very pleasant variety of color and contrast.

The sweet disposition and gentle, lovable ways of the bluebird are evident even in captivity. In the summer of 1898 I had the pleasure of carefully studying the habits of old and young in that condition. The old birds were kept in a large bird-room with several other varieties of American birds. The bluebirds were models of good behavior, not only among their own kind, but in their relations with other birds. The young birds were kept in cages, and with a moderate amount of care and attention became very tame. It was amusing to see them, about the usual feeding-time, arrange themselves on a particular perch. Each bird in order of precedence would take the food from a stick, and if one was purposely omitted there was no fluttering of wings or selfish attempt to obtain the morsel as it was offered to the next bird.

These unselfish table manners I have observed as well in wild bluebirds. Several years ago a pair of bluebirds selected as a home the

deserted winter quarters of a downy woodpecker. The cavity was located in the dead branch of a cherry-tree which stood in the yard in the rear of the house. On the seventh day after the young were hatched a severe wind-and-rain storm so broke and split the old stub that the young were in danger of perishing. We soon converted a small basket into a comfortable nest for the unfortunate family; and from a second-story window of the house we watched the birds unobserved. The old birds accepted the situation and continued to feed and care for the young. As the food was brought there was no strife on the part of the young birds, but each waited his turn. This continued not only while the young were in the nest, but until they flew away.

The bluebird makes a very playful and affectionate little pet. Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore tells of a very interesting one he possessed. "While I am writing," he says, "a pet one, but three months old, is sitting on my paper, seeming to wonder what I am doing and why I do not play with him. He nips my pencil, but I pay no attention to him; then he tries to creep up my sleeve, and still I pay no attention; so, disgusted, he flies off in search of ants or other small insects. After a time I raise my hand and call; back he comes,



THE BLUEBIRD OFTEN CHOOSES A HOLE IN AN OLD FENCE-POST FOR ITS NEST.

like a flash, and, hovering, more like a large moth than a bird, he perches on my finger, singing at the same time a soft little song that is his method of speech."

"HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES."



"COME, PAPA, TAKE OUR PHOTOGRAPH! YOU PROMISED ME YOU WOULD. MY DOLLY 'S NOT SO BEAUTIFUL; BUT THEN, YOU KNOW, SHE 'S GOOD."

HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."

SEVENTH PAPER.

COMPARING HOBBEEMA WITH CLAUDE LORRAIN.



"THE AVENUE," OR "THE ROAD TO MIDDELHARNIS." BY MEINDERD HOBBEEMA.

MEINDERD HOBBEEMA (BORN 1638?, DIED 1709); CLAUDE LORRAIN (BORN 1600, DIED 1682).

THE village of Middelharnis, in Holland, is one of the places that lay claim to be the birthplace of Hobbema, the town of Koeverden and the cities of Haarlem and Amsterdam being the others. And this picture, "The Avenue," gives us a clear idea of the approach to Middelharnis as it appeared in the late sum-

mer of 1689, when Hobbema is supposed to have painted it. It is a portrait of a bit of nature, whereas Claude's picture—you might guess it from the title, "Landing of Cleopatra at Tarsus"—illustrates the use of nature to build up an imaginary composition; the borrowing from many sources, and the arrangement of the details to produce a scene which the artist's imagination has conceived to be ideally beautiful.

We ought to be able to enjoy the one and

the other, but we do not feel toward both in the same way. It is very probable that we shall begin by preferring the Claude. If so, it is largely because the lines and masses of its composition are more pleasing. The hulls, masts, and spars of the shipping on one side balance the lines of the architecture on the other, and between them is a gently dipping curve which separates the luminous open space of the sky from the glittering waves of the water and the busy animation of the figures. Besides the actual beauty of balance between the

and hardly care to distinguish which of the figures is Mark Antony's. Our feeling is that a shore which was once a ragged ending of the land, where the sea began, has been made a stately approach of terraces leading up to noble buildings; that in these, as in the shipping, man's creative power is apparent; that the scene is an improvement upon nature.

Now we turn to the Hobbema. It is a composition of vertical lines contrasted with horizontal; a much cruder arrangement of spaces—of nature unadorned, we might al-



"LANDING OF CLEOPATRA AT TARSUS." BY CLAUDE LORRAIN.

full and the empty spaces of the composition, we get the added enjoyment of contrast between a sense of activity and a still stronger one of permanence and repose. Everything has been calculated to stir our imagination pleasurably. We find ourselves thinking that if there is no spot on earth like this, it is a pity; that there ought to be one, and that the artist has made it possible. In fact, he has created it—and thereby we are the happier.

We are little concerned with Cleopatra,

most say, or, at any rate, taken as the artist found it. We are disposed to feel that perhaps we are lacking in imagination, and that his work, as compared with the ideal beauty of Claude's, is homely and uninteresting; that, to use an expression of the eighteenth century, when artists prided themselves on having a "pretty fancy," it is "pedestrian"—that it does not soar, but walks afoot like the common people.

Certainly Hobbema was not inventive, like

Claude; he did not devise or try to construct an ideal Holland out of his imagination. But imagination may display itself also by its sympathy with and insight into things as they are; and it was this kind of imagination that Hobbema possessed. He loved the country-side, studied it with loving care, and has depicted it with such intimacy, or truth, that the road to Middelharnis seems as real to us to-day as it did over two hundred years ago to the artist. We see the poplars, with their lopped stems, lifting their bushy tops against that wide, high sky which floats over a flat country—full of billowy clouds, as the sky near the North Sea is apt to be. Deep ditches skirt the road, both to drain it and to collect the water for purposes of irrigation and—later on, when it has joined a deeper, wider canal—for purposes of navigation. We get a glimpse on the right of patient perfection of gardening, where a man is pruning his grafted fruit-trees; farther on, a group of substantial farm-buildings. On the opposite side of the road stretches a long, flat meadow, or "polder," up to the little village which nestles so snugly around its tall church tower; the latter fulfilling also the purpose of a beacon, lit by night, to guide the wayfarer on sea and land. A scene of tireless industry, comfortable prosperity, and smiling peace, snatched alike from the encroachments of the ocean and from the devastation of a foreign foe, by a people as rugged and as aspiring as those poplars, as buoyant in their self-reliance as the clouds. Pride and love of country breathe through the whole scene, and we may be dead to some very wholesome instincts if we ourselves do not feel drawn on the one hand toward its sweet and intimate simplicity, and on the other toward its fearless originality of composition.

Indeed, if we have entered into the spirit of it, we may find that this picture, as well as Claude's, has its ideal beauty—if by this term we understand that kind of beauty which is distinguished by the idea revealed in it. In other words, it is not only imaginary subjects which may be ideal; there may also be an idealization of the facts, so that the more their outward appearance is pictured, the more we are made to feel as well their underlying meaning—the soul, as it were, within them. In this

way a portrait may be idealized. I am not thinking, for the moment, of the kind of idealization indulged in by Van Dyck, who gave to all his sitters, men and women, an elegant refinement, corresponding to the idea of elegance and refinement in himself. That is more like the kind of idealization in Claude's picture. But let us take the case of the portrait of your own mother. One painter may paint it so that anybody, comparing it with the original, will say it is a good likeness; whereas another may have the imagination to put in something of her beauty of character, to reproduce something of what you know of her as a mother. He gets at the soul of the face.

Similarly, the portrait of a landscape may reproduce the sentiment which attracts to the country-side—the love of the painter for it, the attachment of those who live in it, what it is to them as part of their lives. Such a landscape is in a measure ideal. The modern French have coined a phrase for it,—*paysage intime*,—for which I can find no better translation than "the well-known, well-loved country-side." They coined it to describe the kind of landscape that was painted by Rousseau, Dupré, Corot, and some other French artists, who made their headquarters at the little village of Barbizon on the borders of the forest of Fontainebleau; and these men were followers of Hobbema and the other Dutch artists who had lived two hundred years before.

Very little is known of Hobbema's life. He appears to have been born at Amsterdam in 1638, but, as we have seen, other towns claimed to be his birthplace. It is probable that he was the pupil of Jacob van Ruysdael, and certain that he lived in Amsterdam. He died poor, his last lodging being in the Roosegraft, the street in which Rembrandt, also poor, had died forty years before. His works were little appreciated in Holland until nearly a hundred years after his death, and most of them found their way to England.

Claude, on the contrary, enjoyed in his lifetime a European reputation. Yet his early life was modest enough. He was born of poor parents in the little village of Chamagne, near the right bank of the Moselle, in what is now the department of Vosges, but in 1600 was the

duchy of Lorraine. His real name was Claude Gelée, but from his native country he received the name of Claude de Lorraine, or, more shortly, Claude Lorrain. As a child he seems to have been apprenticed to a pastry-cook, and when the years of his apprenticeship were completed he set off with a party of pastry-cooks to Rome. The Lorrainers were famous in this capacity, and the young Claude had no difficulty in finding employment. He was engaged by a landscape-painter, Agostino Tassi, as cook and general housekeeper, with the privilege of cleaning his master's brushes. He gained from him, however, instruction in painting, and seems to have become his assistant. When he was twenty-five years old he revisited France and stayed two years, returning then to Italy, where the rest of his life was spent. And it was a life of fame. Three popes in succession were his patrons, as were the noblest families of Italy, while commissions came to him from his native land, from the Netherlands, Germany, Spain, and even far-off England.

By the great Italian masters landscape had been used almost entirely as a background for the figures. Claude went a step further, making his figures of comparatively little importance and concentrating his effort upon the ideal or heroic character of the landscape, into which he incorporated the beauty of archi-

tecture. He was a close student of nature, sketched and painted in the open air, and filled his skies with sunshine. But the use that he made of nature was unnatural.

Not satisfied to paint nature as it is, for its own sake, as Hobbema was, Claude felt that the province of art was to improve upon it. He was one of the founders in French art of what is called the classic or academic school, which would reject everything that is "common" or "vulgar," and paint only types as near as possible to perfection. So, in the case of a landscape, the painter would select a morsel from this place, and others elsewhere, and put together out of his head a composition that should present an ideally beautiful arrangement of lines in masses. This exactly suited the taste of the time, in which the great gardens of Versailles were laid out with combination of grottoes, fountains, architecture, and landscape. The result was a popularity for Claude's pictures which extended throughout the eighteenth century and on into the following one. He was regarded as the greatest of landscape-painters. When, however, Frenchmen began to turn to nature directly, they soon discovered Hobbema's work and made it the foundation of their own efforts; carrying the truth to nature in their work even further than he did in his.



EACH LITTLE GIRL IS NEAT AND SWEET, AND ALL ARE QUAINLY DRESSED.
NOW CAN WE CHOOSE ONE MAY-QUEEN AND LEAVE OUT ALL THE REST?
WHICH IS THE NEATEST, WHICH IS THE SWEETEST, AND WHICH DO YOU LIKE THE BEST?

IN MERRY ENGLAND.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



IN merry, merry England,
In the merry month of May,
Miss Mary Ella Montague
Went out in best array.
Her wise mama called out to her,
"My darling Mary Ella,

It looks like rain to-day, my dear;
You 'd best take your umbrella!"
That silly girl she paid no heed
To her dear mother's call.
She walked at least six miles that day,
And it never rained at all!



THOUGHTS IN CHURCH.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



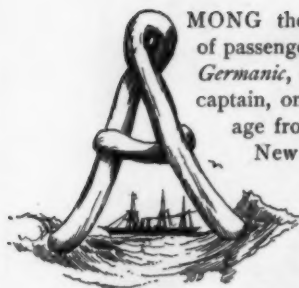
Oh, to be a sailor
And sail to foreign lands—
To Greenland's icy mountains
And India's coral strands!
To sail upon the Ganges
And see the crocodile,
Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

I 'd love to see the heathen
Bow down to wood and stone,
But his wicked graven image
I 'd knock from off its throne!
The heathen-in-his-blindness
Should see a thing or two!
He 'd know before I left him
What a Yankee boy can do!



A CANDY PULL AT SEA.

By C. W. K.



AMONG the large number of passengers on board the *Germanic*, of which I was captain, on a certain voyage from Liverpool to New York, was an American family consisting of a widow, with her two daughters and a son.

They were from one of the Western States. They sat at my table, and as the eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, was never seasick, I had come to call her "Jack," in compliment to her good sailor qualities.

I could tell of many of the jolly happenings on that particular trip, but I will confine myself to but one, for that was something new in my experience.

On the morning of the fifth day, as I stood at the door of the wheel-house, I turned and saw a group of young girls, with Jack at their head, timidly walking in my direction. Seeing my gaze directed toward them, Jack walked up, while the others slowly followed.

"Captain," she said, "we have come to ask a very great favor of you, and we do so hope you will grant it, for I'm sure you never had such a thing on board ship before."

I smiled and said, "I must first know what it is before I can give my consent."

"Well," she said, catching her breath and looking at the girls behind her, who were now encouraged to draw a little closer, "we would so much like to have a candy pull." And now that the secret was out, she looked up with one of her bright, sunny smiles and added, "Oh, please, captain, say yes."

"If you will tell me what a candy pull is I shall no doubt be glad to give my consent. I have been to sea all my life, and, as you say, I never heard of such a thing on board ship."

"And we shall need the stove in the kitchen for a little while to boil it, captain," she continued, without noticing my remark.

"Oh, it's cooked, is it?" I inquired.

"Of course it is. We could n't pull it if it was n't, you know."

"No, I don't know anything about it," I replied. "It's all Greek to me. But we must first interview Professor Goff, the chief cook, before we can fully decide the question. The kitchen is his domain, and we cannot intrude without his permission."

Her face fell a little as she said: "Do you think he will object even if you say we may?"

"Let us go and see and then we can decide the matter at once."

So off we started for the galley, the girls chatting the while like magpies, though in half-subdued whispers. Arriving there, I said to the chief cook: "Mr. Goff, here are some young ladies who have a special favor to ask of you. They have my full permission, and it rests with you to accommodate them."

Jack mustered up courage to say that they would like the use of the galley stove for about two hours. It was arranged that they could have it in the afternoon, and also one of the stewards as assistant. After selecting one of the kettles and some pans, the girls left the galley, delighted with their success.

The news soon spread among the passengers, for, as you know, the most trifling incident that helps to vary the monotony of an ocean voyage is always welcome.

About half-past two that afternoon I walked quietly down toward the galley. I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. Seven young girls enveloped in white aprons, with faces red from the heat of the stove, were flying about, all laughing and talking at once, so that I could not make out a word. One of them, in what looked like a prim Quaker dress, but with an outlandish chef's cap of white paper, was stir-

ring something in a large saucepan. Despite the fantastic costume, I recognized Jack.

There was only a slight motion to the ship that day, but the girls, who had never seen a moving kitchen, found it hard to get used to the continual rising and falling and tilting of the stove. I moved a little nearer the door, and one of the girls caught sight of me.

"Oh, there 's the captain!" she cried.

"Please don't come in yet! You won't enjoy the candy half so much if you smell the cooking."

"Have you everything you want?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; everything is just splendid. Thank you so much!" she replied.

Never before had such a scene been enacted in the galley of the old ship.

In an hour the candy was pronounced done, and Jack, with some help, lifted the heavy saucepan off the stove and rested it upon a receiving-shelf, stirring it all the while. The boiling contents were poured into pans and allowed to remain until partly cooled. It was then turned into seven platters, one portion for each girl, and carried by two of the stewards into the dining-saloon, where the "pulling" was to take place. Hearing from one of the passengers that this process was in full operation, I decided to go below for closer observation.

Jack was seated in my place at the table, with three girls on each side. To give room for their arms, vacant chairs had been left between them. All were working and pulling the snowy mass as if the ship depended upon their

The passengers had become so interested in Jack's scheme that they nearly all went down to the dining-saloon to encourage the happy candy-makers in their work.

After pulling for about half an hour, each girl

laid her portion in a plate before her, and the judges drew near to give their decision as to which one had produced the whitest "twist."

Seven anxious faces were raised to hear the verdict, and I confess I was pleased when Jack's piece was pronounced the whitest. And while, of course, the other girls were disappointed for a moment, they were in the end pleased, as it was because of Jack's energy that the afternoon's amusement had come off at all.

After hearing the decision I left the saloon and went up to my chart-room.

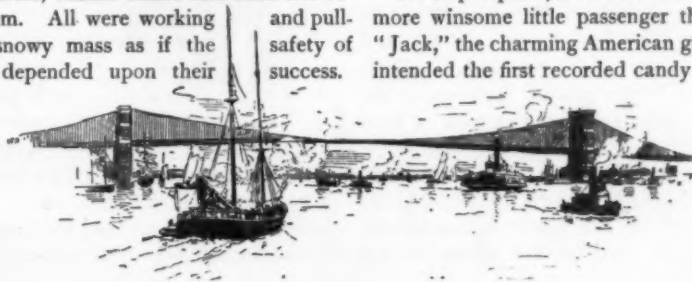
An hour later, as I sat reading, I heard a chorus of girlish voices and approaching footsteps. Glancing out of the port-hole, I saw the candy party coming toward me, evidently with the intention of making a call.

To my surprise, they brought with them a box gorgeously tied with red, white, and blue ribbons. Removing the cover, I found it to contain the result of Jack's labor. It lay embedded in silver-paper at the bottom of the box. Afterward I took it to my cabin, and I made it last not only until we reached New York, but for many a voyage thereafter.

No ship-captain, I venture to say, had ever a more winsome little passenger than our little "Jack," the charming American girl who superintended the first recorded candy pull at sea.



"STIRRING IT ALL THE WHILE."



VENICE.

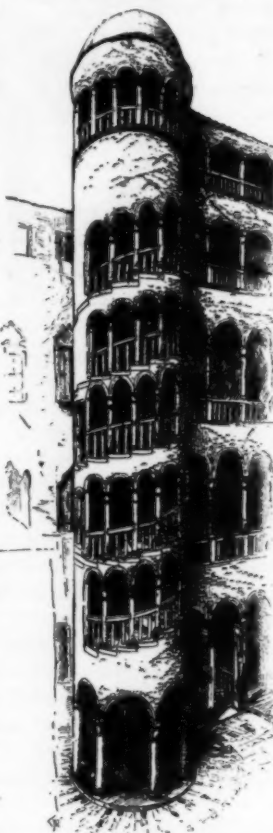
BY JOHN MOTT.



You all have heard of Venice, that curious city on the Adriatic Sea where the streets are canals and the men go from place to place in gondolas instead of in carriages. Long ago Venice was one of the wealthiest cities in the world: its great fleets brought home the merchandise of the East, jewels and silks and spices; its merchant princes built those beautiful palaces which stand to-day beside the Grand Canal, most of them sadly in need of repair, it is true, but majestic still, though the plaster is falling from their weather-beaten walls. Perhaps Venice is even more beautiful now in its decay than it was in the days of its greatest glory, for age has a beauty of its own, softer

and more delicate than that of youth. The bright colors which once shone with dazzling brilliancy under the Italian sky are now subdued and mellowed like those of an old tapestry. So, though wealth and commerce are deserting the city in the sea, its loveliness increases from year to year and attracts to it thousands of visitors from all parts of the earth; from Germany and England and America, and even from far-away China and Japan. These visitors come in the greatest numbers in the early springtime, for then the weather is best; the days are clear and fine, and the bright southern sun makes Italy warm and delightful when people in more northern countries are still shivering with the cold. So during the pleasant spring days the old square of San

Marco, the Public Gardens, and the bathing beach at the Lido are crowded with strangers, while the graceful black gondolas which dart through the narrow canals are nearly all decorated with the flags of foreign countries, among which the Stars and Stripes is not lacking.



AN ANTIQUE STAIRWAY IN A PRIVATE PALACE.

But it is on a moonlight night that Venice is most beautiful. Then the lights along the quay adjoining the Doge's Palace show throngs of laughing people; the ancient mansions that line the Grand Canal seem to be gazing calmly down at their broken reflections in the dark water, and the moon rides high in the heavens above the white dome of the church of "Our Lady of Salvation." Suddenly the soft strains of sweet music fill the air. They come from a large boat, all aglow with gay colors and lanterns. It floats

along the center of the Grand Canal. The crowd on the quay cease chattering and laughing for an instant, the balconies of the hotels fill with eager



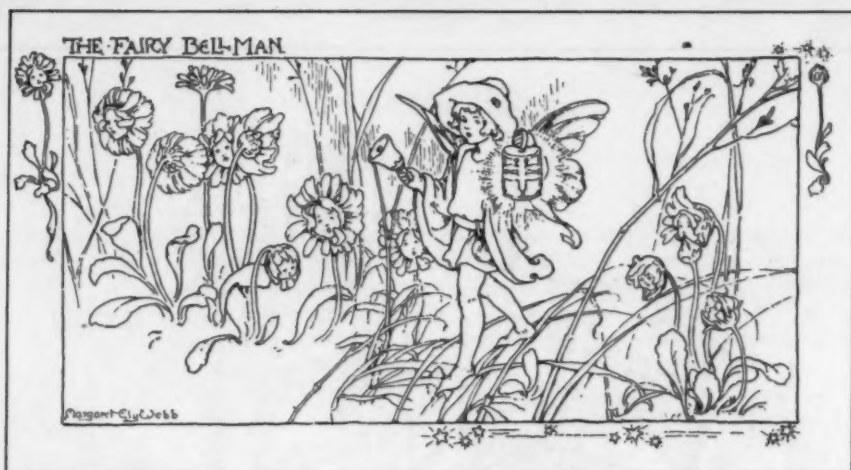
A CANAL IN VENICE.

listeners, and the fleet gondolas which have been darting about in the moonlight cluster quickly around the boat, where a boy is singing to the accompaniment of two or three stringed instruments.

The young Venetian's beautiful voice rises clear and strong on the still night air as he sings an Italian love-song. To many of his hearers his words are without meaning, but the language of music is universal: a singer needs no interpreter; so the stranger, as he leans back on the cushioned seat of his gondola, understands as

well as the native. All discordant sounds are hushed; only a faint murmur from the people on the quay, the soft rubbing of one gunwale against another as the gondolas snuggle closely together, and the lapping of the ripples mingle with the singing to make it different from any that the listener has heard elsewhere. But ever afterward, when the music of that song flashes through his memory, as music has a way of doing, he will see again the moonlight and the dark canal, the somber old palaces and the gleaming lights along the quay.





THE FAIRYLAND BELLMAN.

BY MARGARET ELY WEBB.

THE bee goes home when the shadows creep
Across from the slope of the western hill;
The cricket is quiet; the field is still;
The flushed little daisies are longing for sleep.

Look! Through the grass comes a firefly light:
'T is the fairy watchman with his bell,
Crying, "Eight o' the clock and all is well;
It is time that the daisies were shut up tight."

Hark! Through the field goes a sleepy sigh!
Slowly the little white petals close;
Wee pointed nightcaps, rows upon rows,
Nod as the wind goes whispering by.





SUSIE.

SUSIE AND WINNIE AND THE BALLOON.

BY ALICE H. LOVIE.

SUSIE and Winnie stood on the lawn watching the carriage turn the corner. Two little fists twisted into two little eyes, and the toes of two little shoes dug small wells in the gravel.

"I can't ever be happy again," wailed Susie, and, though Winnie's feelings were too deep for expression in the English language, she succeeded in voicing such a series of mournful noises that the little swallows in the nest under the house-eaves called to their mother and cuddled together in fright.

Papa had taken the two boys to Newburyport to see the balloon go up, and to stay at home quietly with mama and play with their dolls, even if they did have a chocolate cream apiece, seemed the flattest thing on earth to Susie and Winnie. For the balloon ascension had been long talked of, and was a great event to the children; but Newburyport was six miles away, and mama had concluded that it would be too long a drive, in the heat and dust, for the little children.

But she was sorry for her disappointed little girls, and she came out on the lawn to them. "The balloon goes up at four o'clock," she said, "and then we will go upstairs and take the spyglass, and I have no doubt we can see it nicely from the east window."

So, at just four o'clock, a group of eager faces gathered at the east window. A few of their nearest neighbors came in, because the house was on a hill with a clear view from the windows.

"Now," said mama, "look just at the left of

the upper church-steeple, and by and by you will see the balloon."

Five minutes past four, and no balloon! Would it fail them after all?

Ten minutes past four! Life was hard to bear for the little people. The minutes were hours to Susie and Winnie.

Twelve minutes past four—and look! The balloon shot into the air, up, up, till it seemed to the excited children that it had disappeared above the clouds. There was a strong east wind, so there was no danger of its going out to sea; and by and by, so slowly as to be almost imperceptible, it seemed to come nearer. The two children watched it for nearly an hour, and then, as it seemed to go away toward Haverhill, they lost interest in it.

Cousin Alice took them down the road to pick berries. "When George and Eddie come home," she said, "they will tell us just how it looks close by."

As the sense of their loss at not seeing it nearer had not left them, she tried to divert their attention, and succeeded so well that they had quite a merry time in the bushes, and forgot to watch the balloon. It was almost six when they started for home.

They were nearly there when some one called from directly over their heads.



WINNIE.

Oh, wonder of wonders! What was that? Had the moon that they had wanted so often when they were little tots come right down to them, man and all, and was he calling to them?

But cousin Alice shouted, "The balloon! the balloon! Run, children, run!" And then came mama and auntie and all the rest, and they all ran together. The great balloon was steadily descending toward them, and soon it was so near that they could almost catch hold of the rope that was hanging from it; and the man in the basket was waving his hat and calling to them.

Cousin Fred had a pail of milk in his hand, and he called out to the man, "Come on down, won't you?"

"I will," answered the man; "help me."

He was going to land right on their hill! Oh, what hurrying of little feet! Oh, what big eyes! Oh, what a day for the children!

The drag-rope had a big knot in the end, which caught between the limbs of an apple-tree. Cousin Fred climbed into the tree and untwisted it, and some other men who had gathered got hold and pulled the big balloon down to earth.

"Steady there, steady," called the man in the balloon; and slowly, slowly, down, down came the great wonder till the basket rested on the ground.

"Bring rocks from the wall," said the man, "and put them in the basket."

The basket, as most of our young folks know, hangs underneath the balloon; this one might have been four feet by three feet in size, and looked very small compared with the great inflated brown top. All around the rim of the basket were gay little flags of all nations.

So the men brought great rocks and piled them on the sand-bags remaining in the basket, and thus kept the balloon steady, for only enough gas had been let out barely to allow it to descend to the ground. Then Professor Blank (the man who came in it) put out the anchor. The anchor is different from a ship's anchor, as it has many sharp points around a center, so that if thrown out it will fasten into the ground somewhere. The other rope was tied to a tree opposite the rope attached to the anchor; and the balloon swayed quietly to and fro as if contented with its resting-place.

Mama asked Professor Blank if Susie and

Winnie might get into the basket for a minute, for the sake of saying that they had been in a balloon. He lifted them in on the top of the rocks that were piled there.

Just think of it! the little children who two hours before had cried on the lawn because they could not go to Newburyport and see the balloon go up were now sitting in the very thing itself. Never will they forget that day. They could look up through the ropes and flags, and see the great swaying balloon above that had been so far into the air.

The balloon was left on the hill for the night, and the people gathered from far and near to see it. Papa and George and Eddie came home planning to tell the little children all they could about the balloon, and you can imagine their surprise at seeing it looming up behind their own house.

Professor Blank stayed with them all night, and kindly and patiently answered the many questions asked him. He said that when he left Newburyport the balloon went directly up into the air for three miles. At that distance, he said, one would become somewhat deaf and be troubled with a ringing in one's ears.

"Were you not frightened?" some one asked.

He laughed, and answered that he was eating his luncheon then. "I had been hard at work getting ready to ascend," he added, "and after I was once up I took it easy. I have been up a hundred and sixty-nine times and have never yet met with an accident."

He said that no tongue could describe the grandeur of the sights from a balloon, or the sense of restfulness as one sails along. "Dizzy? Oh, no, indeed! There is little sensation of moving; the earth seems to be leaving you, instead of your leaving it."

He said that when over a river everything at the bottom was visible if there were no ripples.

"In a thunder-storm? Oh, yes; I have been in a thunder-cloud so black that I could not see my hand before my face."

"Was there no danger?"

"No danger from the lightning—lightning has never been known to strike a balloon; but the wind was terrific, and the balloon danced about like a mad creature."

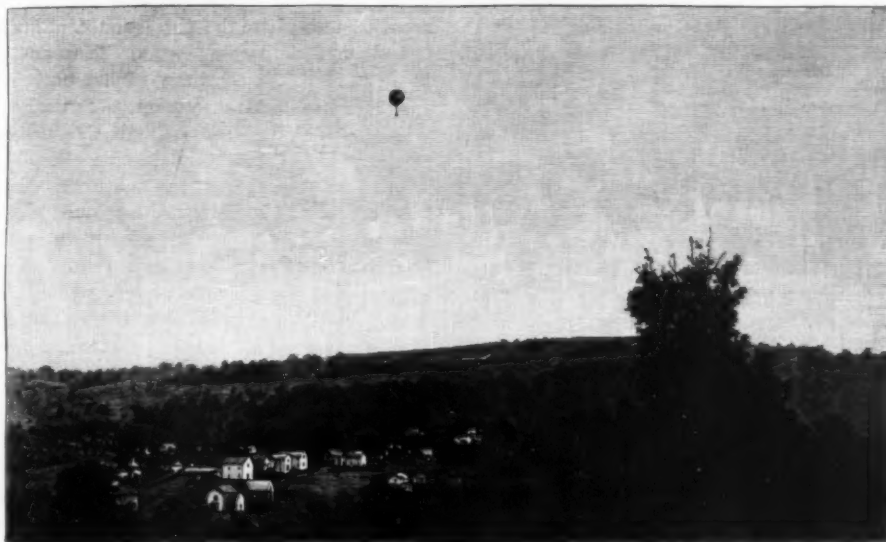
The balloon he was using then held twenty

thousand cubic feet of gas. The one he used on the last Fourth of July, when he made the ascension from Lowell, Massachusetts, held eighty thousand cubic feet. The balloons of olden times were made of silk, but now they are made of cotton goods oiled.

"Are you never troubled to get gas enough?" was asked. "Yes," he answered, "both for quantity and quality. For these reasons I prefer making my own gas. We made the gas for the ascension at Newburyport. We used six thousand pounds of sulphuric acid, six thousand

Some of the rocks and sand-bags were taken out of the basket, and the professor took a few of the people, one by one, up with him in the balloon to a height of about a hundred feet. This he could do without using additional gas, as the wind took the balloon up as if it were a huge kite, and stout arms pulled it down by means of the drag-rope.

I am sure that none who ascended that day will ever forget the magnificent view of ocean and inland, or ever cease to be grateful to Professor Blank for his kindness and patience.



"THE GREAT BALLOON WAS STEADILY DESCENDING TOWARD THEM."

pounds of iron, and the same amount of water. The cost of filling this balloon is about one hundred dollars."

Professor Blank told Susie and Winnie about his two young daughters, and how many times they had ascended with him.

But at last mama said that *her* daughters must go to bed if they wanted to see the balloon in the morning.

At about nine o'clock on the next morning a crowd of people gathered on the hill to see Professor Blank start out in his balloon once more. And then, as the day was fine, he gave to a fortunate few a rare treat, and one that they will consider a great event in their lives.

Mama did not dare to let the children go up, for fear they would be frightened and fall; but they were allowed to climb into the basket, and even dear little baby, who was only ten weeks old, was put in, and was given a little swing with some one holding the rope.

At about half-past ten the remaining rocks and a few of the sand-bags were removed, the last words were spoken, and amid hearty cheers from the people Professor Blank sailed away in his big balloon whithersoever the wind listed.

After he had gone Susie took hold of Winnie's hand and held it very tightly. "Oh, Winnie," she said, "let us take our money that we are saving for a pony and buy a balloon!"

QUEER CARRIERS.

BY GERRISH ELDREDGE.



A QUEER CARRIER WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT.

FROM the days of the winged Pegasus, the aspiring horse of Bellerophon, and from those of sharp-backed and raw-boned Rosinante, who bore the crazy Don Quixote, down to our own day, the horse has been the animal most used by man as carrier, charger, courser, hunter, and cart-horse.

True, the humble second cousins of the horse have filled the place of drudge and servant in the work of bearing burdens or hauling loads. The donkey, indeed, has been a useful animal ever since the remotest times known to history. General Washington, it is said, introduced them into this country; and all over

key is noted for docility and affection for its owner, and many a barefooted boy, driving his well-loaded pack-mule to the mill or to town, knows what a slow, steady, uncomplaining, helpful little creature it is.

But there are many countries and many circumstances where the possession of a horse or even of a donkey is beyond the means of those who serve as carriers. I am not considering, of course, those mighty carriers, the elephant, the dromedary, and the camel. These are exceptional animals, as are also the ox of our own land, the Egyptian buffalo, and the zebra of India, which are employed under unusual conditions, where great strength or endurance is required. In Germany and other parts of Europe, dogs are in very general use among the poorer classes as carriers; and, indeed, many New Yorkers can remember how,



A PATIENT BEAST OF BURDEN.

the civilized world the donkey and the mule are accepted as the best, the most patient, and the most tireless of all the beasts of burden. Although vicious when ill treated, yet the don-

more than forty years ago, the dog was very largely used by the ragmen and traveling peddlers of New York. Every morning the little wagons, some with two and some with four

wheels, would come down the street, drawn by one or two dogs, and guided sometimes by a woman and sometimes by boys.

This use of dogs came, without doubt, from

The dog of the Eskimo, as the explorers have all told us, is, of course, the swiftest and



A BELGIAN DOG-CART.

Holland and Belgium, where the dog has been in service as a beast of burden for many years. In almost every Dutch or Flemish city these "dog-carts"—not the stylish vehicle of that name which we meet in the park or on the avenue, but literally carts drawn by dogs—may be seen. It is usually a four-wheeled affair, and holds as much as a porter's hand-cart; not infrequently the dog's helper, on the other side of the pole, is a stout boy or girl.

In the Dutch dog-carts the dog is securely harnessed in—and so, indeed, is the boy when he is at the pole. The huckster-women who own or drive the dog-carts generally live in some of the little villages on the outskirts of the large Dutch or Belgian towns, and bring their farm produce for sale in the city streets.

On pleasant days, many of these little wagons may be seen on city corners, their wares offered for sale by the shrewd driver, while the dogs, with harness partly loosened, lie asleep at the roadside or beneath the body of the cart.

If trade is dull, the dog is awakened, the harness tightened, and off goes this queer conveyance through the streets to some more populous or promising quarter of the town.

most highly trained of these canine beasts of burden; and within the Arctic Circle from Greenland to Kamchatka many an Eskimo lad knows how fast and far these fierce yet well-trained Arctic "dog-horses" can carry them.



A MONKEY JOCKEY.

In fact, the point to which the training of dogs as "haulers" or draft-animals may be carried is measured only by the strength of this



ARCTIC CARRIERS—THE ESKIMO DOGS.

docile friend and helper of man. Any boy or girl who has watched the doings of a troupe of trained dogs must be aware of this; for one

the ring with all the zeal and fleetness of high-bred race-horses.

We all remember the story of "Sindbad the Sailor," and how the horrid "old man of the sea" made poor Sindbad carry him picka-back so long. We have always pitied Sindbad for this heavy task, but do not always remember how many men and women there are, in all parts of the world, who are little better than beasts of burden. The coolies of the far East are less expensive carriers than horses or even donkeys; and Mr. Stanley, in his wonderful African journeys, was always followed by a host of Zanzibari porters. You will find such porters, too, in India, in South America, in China, and in Egypt; and even in more highly civilized countries these human carriers are no infrequent sight.

Not many years ago, on the highroads about Wittenberg, in Germany, travelers frequently met an old woman trudging slowly along, pushing before her a light wheelbarrow loaded with bundles and parcels.

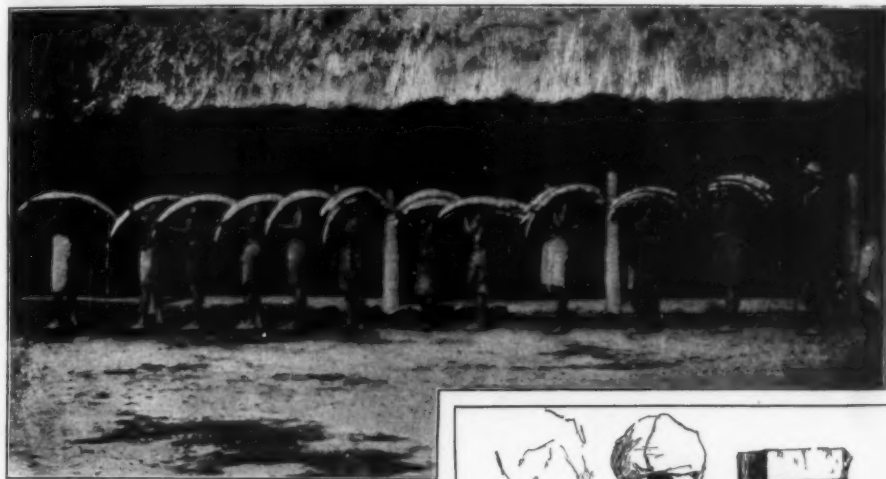
The old woman was at least sixty, but she was so cheerful and uncomplaining that the people had no hesitation in employing her. She had many knickknacks and parcels to carry to and from the city, into which, three or four times a week, she pushed her barrow, which folks called "the Wittenberg Express."

This plucky old woman walked with her express wheelbarrow at least ten miles each trip,



"THE WITTENBERG EXPRESS."

of the most interesting feats in the circus-ring is the race of trained dogs, ridden by monkey jockeys, in which the eager racers dash around



AFRICAN CARRIERS OF IVORY.

and her earnings, a small fee for each parcel, served to support herself and her two invalid daughters, who could do only a little sewing. The old woman would allow no one to pity her; she liked the work, she said, and was only sorry that as she grew older she could not make such frequent trips, for her earnings were helping herself and her children.

So, you see, there are all manners of queer carriers and burden-bearers in the world, from that fleetest of postmen, the carrier-pigeon, which takes a message through the air for hundreds of miles with the speed of an express train, down to the locomotive, the bicycle, the trolley-car, and the automobile, which once would have been considered "queer carriers" indeed, but that time is now long past.



ON THE CARAVAN ROAD IN AFRICA.



FAMILIAR QUEER CARRIERS: THE SPRING MANŒUVERS OF THE AWKWARD SQUAD.



Ellen F Talbot

THE little Kangaroo
 (If this story is quite true)
 Could not be made to bathe him in the river.
 He said he never yet
 Saw water quite so wet —
 The mere suggestion made him shake and shiver!

His mother said, " Absurd !
 You 're a ninny, on my word !
 What well-bred jungle creature would act so ?
 The little Elephants
 Are glad to have the chance —
 Their bath is just a frolic, as you know.

" The little Barbary Ape
 Does not try to escape
 When threatened with cold water and the soap ;
 The Hippo-potamusses
 Don't make such awful fusses,
 Nor the Jaguar, nor the little Antelope.

" The mild, obedient Yak
 Would never answer back,
 Nor does the Rhino-cino-roarer-horse ;
 And the baby Crocodile —
 Why, the water makes him smile ;
 And he takes his daily plunges as of course."



THE LITTLE ELEPHANTS.

The little Kangaroo
 (A naughty thing to do!)
 Made up an ugly face and fell a-weeping!
 "The Puma and the Lynxes,
 And all the little Minkses,
 The Silky Tamarin,
 The Ounce and Pangolin,
 The humpbacked Impoofo,
 The shaggy Buffalo,
 May bathe, and wash, and rub,
 And splash, and dash, and scrub,—
 But I just won't!" and off he went a-leaping.



FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

BY DR. EMMA E. WALKER.

I. BURNS.

"Oh, Jerry," said John, "I've thought of the jolliest way to spend our vacation! Let's go camping—really, truly camping, I mean, not a tent on our own lawn. I am sure father and mother'll let us, if guardie goes along with us to see that nothing terrible happens."

"Guardie" was Mr. Wilson, the boys' tutor, and they had given him this name because their father called him their mental guardian. Dr. and Mrs. Sturges were going abroad this summer, so they had promised their boys a little extra treat in their vacation, and they had planned this camping party. Of course they talked it all over with guardie, and he said that he knew just the place where they could have "great fun." They could row and fish, and go on long trolley-rides, and explore the country, and do all sorts of jolly things. It was a place where he had lived himself when he was a boy, and he knew every inch of the ground. It was the beautiful Blennerhassett Island, which lies in the middle of the Ohio River, between the shores of West Virginia and Ohio. It is an ideal spot for a summer camp, as many young people know, for there is never a summer when the island is not visited by merry parties.

Mr. Wilson decided on the night train because the boys would be more amiable after a good night's sleep than they would be if they had to travel all day.

It was an excited little party which tried to stow its possessions away in the sleeper; for after they had piled up their fishing-tackle and golf-sticks, their overcoats and valises and lunch-boxes, there was hardly room left for the children themselves. The boys found, however, that the train did not take them directly to their destination; after reaching the nearest town, they had to take a stage down to the river, where they found a little launch awaiting them which took them directly to the island.

It did n't take them long to pitch their little tent and get their camp in order. Guardie had written ahead to some of the farmers, and they had an old kitchen stove ready for the boys to cook on. Jerry and John called guardie their "chef," and said they'd be his assistants. They drew lots to see which one should get the first breakfast, and this work fell to John, who really was more pleased than otherwise to start in.

Mr. Wilson mixed the griddle-cake batter, for he was an old camper and knew just how to do it. John began to fry the cakes, and they certainly were a great success; but as he was buttering the griddle for the last batch, the grease took fire, and, suddenly flaring up, the flame caught his cotton blouse. Mr. Wilson grabbed a heavy steamer-rug, and, quickly wrapping it about John's body, threw him flat on the ground, smothering the flames. John was frightened, but not badly hurt. However, his arm had been slightly scorched, and guardie quickly sprinkled some baking-soda over it and bandaged it with a piece of soft linen.

John soon felt better, and Mr. Wilson said: "Boys, now this is a fine chance to talk a little about burns. You know, John, that's one of the first things you'll have to learn when you go to medical school. Suppose you begin by asking me questions."

"All right," said Jerry. "What makes the skin get red?"

"That's a leading question, as a lawyer might say, and I could n't have asked a better one myself; for that's the first thing you notice in a slight burn. I'll tell you why the skin gets red; but first I'll tell you something else, and that is this: there are three kinds of burn, as your father would tell you if he were here. The slightest kind is like that on John's arm, and I presume he thinks that was painful enough before we put on the soda and bandage."

"I guess you'd have thought so if it had been your arm," piped John.

"The second degree of burn is one in which a blister comes. The third degree is a deep burn, and goes down into the flesh. When the skin is slightly burned, like John's, some of its tiny cells are injured. Too much blood rushes to the part, and that is why it looks red. But in a few days these little cells that have been hurt die and fall off,—or, as the doctors say, desquamate,—and new cells grow and take their places. Now, when you have a little burn like John's, do as I did this morning—sprinkle baking-soda or flour over it, and then carefully bind it up with clean, soft linen. This is to keep out the air. But you would n't do this if the skin was broken. I remember, at a Fourth-of-July party last year, a boy had his hand badly burned by a cannon fire-cracker. It was down on Long Island, and you know there is a great deal of lockjaw in some parts of the island."

"Lockjaw, guardie! Do you mean it goes there visiting, or lives there?" said John.

"Lockjaw lives in certain places, just as we live in our houses. It's a germ. These germs are very fond of the earth of old gardens; then, when a boy or a girl gets a cut on a finger, and digs in the garden and gets some of the dirt into the cut—you may look out for a case of lockjaw. But the people who were with this boy when the cracker went off covered his hand with a thick salve, and then wrapped it up with heavy bandages.

"When he came to the city that night his doctor was frightened; for, as he told me, all the germs that were on the hand were shut right in, and could n't get out even if they had a mind to. He took off the bandages at once, washed and picked off the salve, and covered the hand with wet dressings."

"Well, what are wet dressings?" asked Jerry; "and why did n't he put on baking-soda, as you did on John's?"

"I know why," said John; "because when the skin is broken you must n't ever put on any kind of powder. Father says so; it gets hard, and when they try to take it off it will hurt terribly."

"You're right, John; and it will not only

hurt, but it will sometimes tear off the flesh. Wet dressings are pieces of bandages soaked in water, or sometimes in oil. And in case of a burn which goes down deep the best thing to do before the doctor comes is to cover it with oil. Make some carron-oil by mixing linseed-oil with lime-water, half and half. Or you may soak a bandage in water that has baking-soda dissolved in it, as I might have done for John."

"Why could n't you use just olive-oil—the kind that mother puts on lettuce?"

"You could," said Mr. Wilson; "but never put on a bandage that will stick to the raw flesh and have to be peeled off afterward."

"Guardie," said John, "what about blisters? Is it right to prick them or let them alone?"

"That depends upon the blister," said guardie. "If it is loose and wabby, as Jerry says, let it alone. That loose skin is the very best kind of dressing for it. But if the blister is bulged out hard, like a rubber balloon, then prick it underneath at a little distance from the edge of the blister, running the needle just under the skin till it enters the blister, so that the water will run out and the skin covering be left unharmed."

"What would you prick it with?" asked John.

"Never with a pin. Take a bright, new needle, and dip it first into boiling water for a minute."

"Well, another thing, guardie: What made me feel so queer? I felt 'kind of gone' all over, as grandmother says."

"That was shock; you always feel upset by a burn. That is sometimes the worst part of the accident."

"Well, guardie, anything more about burns that we want to hear—I mean that John wants to hear?"

"Yes, there's one thing more, boys. Did you think that burns by fire were the only kind of burns?"

"I burned myself with sealing-wax last winter," said Jerry.

"Yes, and the cook's baby drank some lye last week," said John; "and they said he was burned inside."

"Exactly! You see, there are other kinds.

And one other thing that causes bad burns is an acid. Next winter, when we begin to study chemistry, you'll learn about two things called acids and alkalis."

"What are alkalis?" said John.

"It's pretty hard to tell," said guardie; "but lye is an alkali, and so are soda and potash and ammonia—you can get a little idea that way. When you have an alkali burn, pour over it an acid, like weak vinegar or lemon-juice and water. And if you are burned by an acid, as carbolic acid or sulphuric acid, dip the burned spot into water to dilute the acid and then put on any alkali—saleratus or washing-soda. Alcohol greatly relieves the pain of a carbolic-acid burn. Even common mud is good for acid burns, because it has alkali in it. That's the way to treat a bee sting. You remember—the one you had last summer?"

"I guess I do," said Jerry.

"When I burned my hand with the sealing-wax, you just put it under the faucet to cool it, and let the sealing-wax come off by itself," said John.

"Yes, and the same way with pitch," said Mr. Wilson. "For you will do great harm if you try to pull off the wax at once."

"There's a lot more to burns than I thought there was," said John. "Are we through, guardie?"

"Not quite. If you ever see an accident

in which any one's clothes are on fire, just do as I did this morning: grab up something woolen, because that does not burn easily,—a blanket or rug, or a coat, or a piece of carpet—never anything cotton,—and quickly wrap it about the flames, and throw the person on the floor if you have to. If your own clothes catch fire, never run or get in a draft; lie right down, with a rug or a blanket round you, and smother the flames. And, boys, one last thing: never, when there is a cry of 'Fire,' run out of a crowded building. It is very risky, and you are much better off to stay where you are until the stampede is over; then you can go out safely. But if you're caught in a burning building, and the smoke gets thick, cover your face with a wet handkerchief or towel, if one can be had; and if it's hard to breathe, crawl along the floor till you can get out. The best air in a burning room is always on the floor, because the smoke is lighter than the purer air and rises."

"That seems funny," said Jerry.

"Well, it's true, if it is funny," said Mr. Wilson. "But, above all, boys,—and this is the last thing,—never lose your head; self-control may save your own life, as well as some one else's, some day."

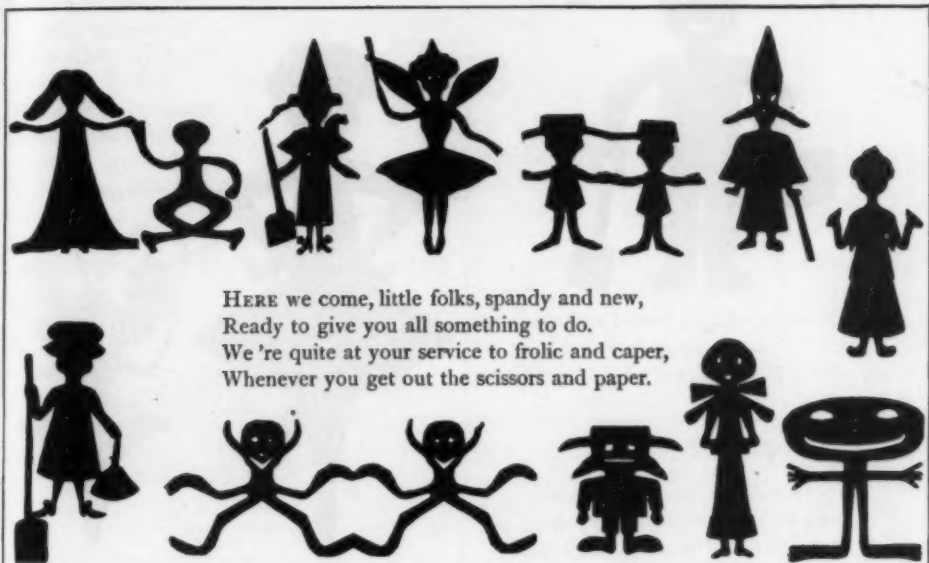
"Well," said John, "we know something about burns, anyway. Come on, Jerry; we've got to wash those dishes." And so began the first day of camp life on the island.



FATHER TIME: "THE LITTLE SCAMP! HE'S LOOKING THROUGH THE CALENDAR TO FIND THE HOLIDAYS!"

PAPER-DOLLS.

By RUTH INGRAHAM.



HERE we come, little folks, spandy and new,
Ready to give you all something to do.
We're quite at your service to frolic and caper,
Whenever you get out the scissors and paper.

AN ARTFUL WISHER.

ONE wish only I give to you:
Make the best of it, little one.



What do you most wish to come true,
Of all the wishes under the sun?

One wish only I have from you?
I wish all my wishes to always come true!

PHILEMON AND ESTELLA.

PHILEMON JOHN and his sister Estella,
When walking out, carefully share their um-
brella;
And that both may be equally safe from the
weather,
Each holds out a hand as they walk on to-
gether,
To make sure, you
see, that it really
is blowing
Or shining or raining
or hailing or
snowing;
For otherwise they
would scarce
need their um-
brella,

Philemon John and
his sister Es-
tella!



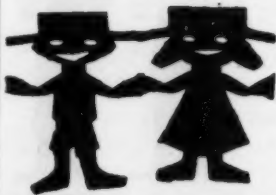
THE CLAM-DIGGER.



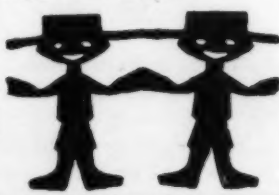
HERE is a clam-digger, basket and spade;
 Hat could n't be bigger, very fine shade.
 Oh, what a proud snigger!—he's just been
 paid.

GRANDPA AMES.

GOOD Grandpa Ephraim Silas Ames
 Goes walking out each sunny day;
 He loves to see the children play,
 He calls them fondly by their names:



They all wear broad-brimmed hats
 pulled low,
 They all wear frank and open smiles,
 And are quite free from wicked
 wiles;
 No wonder grandpa loves them so!



THE DANCING LESSON.

HERE is a happy little one
 Who's having just the best of fun!
 Who would n't be
 In greatest glee
 To have a little fairy
 girl
 Come in and teach
 her how to whirl
 With steps so light
 and airy?



To skip and dance and turn and twirl,
 And spin about in merry whirl,
 To slide
 And glide
 From side to side—
 Oh, would n't any one of you
 Be glad to have a lesson, too,
 From a "really truly" fairy?

Lizette Gertrude Evangeline,
 Azalia Gazelle Clementine,
 And little Zelda Antoinette;
 Stephen Percival Alphonso,
 Fitzjames Summerville Alonzo,
 And young Jerome Eliphalet.

THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

SEVENTH PAPER.

BOATS.

IN this article we give a few of the simpler forms of sail and mechanical boats. The warning should be made at the outset that the boy use the greatest care in constructing a boat, not only for the natural pride he will take in making

must be bent and formed in the shape of a boat. From a board $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch thick cut a spreader, D, 10 inches wide, 48 inches long at one side, and 42 inches at the other. Arrange this between the boards about midway from bow to stern, so that the bottom of the spreader is flush with the bottom of the sides, and draw in the rear ends of the boards and tie them temporarily with a piece of rope. The stern-plank is cut the same shape as the stem-post, B, but it is 3 or 4 inches wide. An inner keel is then cut 6 inches wide and pointed at the bow ends and stern, where it is attached to the lower edges of the sides and flush with those edges.

The spreader and stern-plank will give the sides a flare, which will have a tendency also to curve the bottom of the boat slightly from bow to stern. The bottom planks are 4 inches

FIG. 1. A DOUBLE-ENDED SHARPY.

a good job, but for the still more important reason that the safety of all on board is dependent upon his skill and conscientious work in making the parts strong and thus avoiding the possibility of open seams and other leaks.

A DOUBLE-ENDED SHARPY.

CEDAR, white-wood, pine, or cypress are the best woods to use. Obtain two boards, 15 or 16 inches wide, 14 feet long, and $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch thick, planed on both sides. From a piece of hard wood cut a stem 18 inches long and 4 inches wide, with beveled planes, shown in perspective and section at A and F in Fig. 2. The long side boards are to be cut at bow and stern as shown at C. The bow recedes 3 inches and the stern is cut under about 4 inches.

With galvanized screws attach the bow ends of the boards to the stem-post, so that the top of the sides will be flush with the flat top of the post, and as a result you will have a V-shaped affair resembling a snow-plow, which

wide, of clear wood, and must not have tongue-and-groove edges, but should be plain, so the white lead and lamp-wicking will make a tight joint when the planks are driven up snug to each other. A short keel, or shag, is fastened

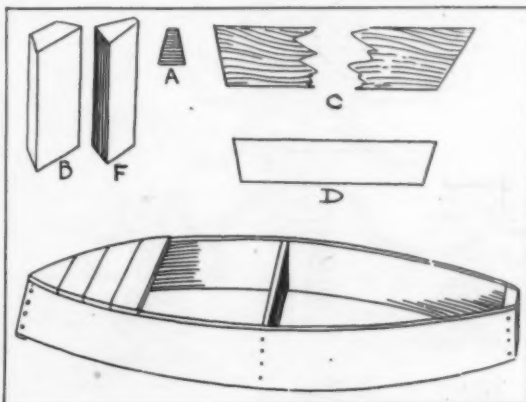
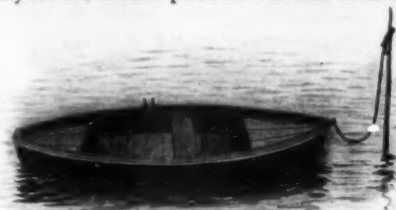


FIG. 2. DETAILS OF A DOUBLE-ENDED SHARPY.

to the under side of the sharpy, and extends from bow to stern, with the ends rounded up.

At the outside of the sides, an inch below the top, a gunwale-strip is made fast.

A SPRIT-SAIL SHARPY.

It is not a difficult matter to convert a rowing-sharpy into a sail-boat. The row-boat features need not be altered nor the seats removed, as the rib and brace work for the deck can easily be fitted and fastened over the seats, which will lend added strength to the deck.

Just behind the front seat and at the forward edge of the back seat, cross-ribs are made fast to the sides of the sharpy. Between these, and 8 inches from the sides of the boat, additional lengthwise braces are sprung and securely attached at the ends and provided with short cross-braces. The deck planking is nailed to these ribs, and the seats under them give a substantial support to both the ribs and deck. The opening or cockpit will be 6 feet long and of varying width, as the side decks are 8 inches



FIG. 4. A SPRIT-SAIL SHARPY.

wide and follow the line of the boat's sides, but amidships it should measure about 28 inches.

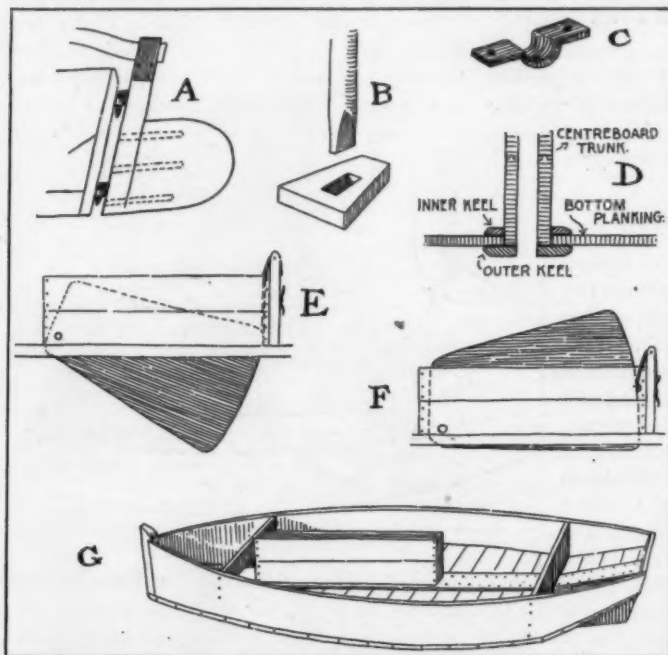


FIG. 3. DETAILS OF A SAILING-SHARPY.

The decking is done with narrow strips of pine, cypress, or cedar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in thickness. The canvas should be tacked down over the outer edge of the boat and the inner edge of the cockpit. A gunwale strip an inch square is to be nailed along the top edge on both sides of the boat, and an inch below the top nail fender-rails along each side. Arrange a combing in place that will project 4 inches above the deck, and attach the boards fast to the inner side of the ribs with screws, as shown in the illustration of the finished boat. Ten inches back from the stem-post, bore a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch hole for

the mast. The mast-step, to be fastened on the bottom of the boat, is shown at B in Fig. 3.



FIG. 5. A PROA. (SEE PAGE 642.)

The mast measures 14 feet high by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the base, and the boom 13 feet long by 2 inches in diameter, both tapering near the end. They are made of spruce or pine.

It is impossible to hold a boat on the wind without a centerboard; but as this sharply has none, a leeboard will be required to keep her from drifting leeward. This board can be made 5 feet long and 30 inches wide, and hung over the lee side when running on the wind, where ropes and cleats will hold it in place.

It can be made of three planks banded together at the rear end with a batten, and at the forward end it is strapped across with bands of iron.

With a sail of twilled or heavy unbleached

VOL. XXXII.—81-82.

muslin, this boat can be driven through the water at five or six miles an hour.

If the boat is not an "adapted" rowing-sharpy, but was planned as a sailing-boat, a centerboard should be built when the keel is laid. As shown in Fig. 3 the well is 3 feet from the bow, and is 5 feet long, 18 inches high, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ wide inside to allow for the centerboard, which is $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick, 4 feet and 9 inches long, 30 inches wide at the back, and 24 inches at the front. It is made of tongue-and-groove boards, which are attached to posts $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches square at bow and stern with stout screws. The well is mounted on the keel and set in white lead, then securely fastened with screws. A slot is cut in the keel the same size as the inside opening of the trunk—that is, 2 inches wide and about 5 feet long.

The bottom planking is butted against the sides of the trunk at the middle of the boat, as shown at D in Fig. 3, where it is nailed to the keel at the middle and to the lower edge of the sides at the outer ends. An inner keel 6 inches wide is laid over the bottom planking through the center of the boat from stem to stern.

The centerboard is attached to the trunk with a hard-wood pin near the forward lower end, and when it is drawn up it will appear as shown at F; when lowered it will look as at E. There is an advantage to this fin-like form of

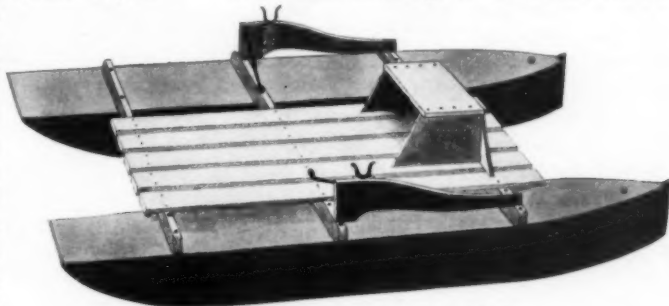


FIG. 6. A ROWING-CATAMARAN. (SEE PAGE 642.)

the centerboard projecting below the bottom of the boat, for if the boat should suddenly come into shallow water or upon a bar or rock, the slanting front edge of the board will gently and gradually raise it out of danger. An eye and

rope, made fast at the middle of the rear edge, will provide a means for raising and lowering the centerboard. Several wooden pegs along the front edge of the well-box, convenient to the steersman, will be useful in fastening the loop of the centerboard rope, thus enabling the skipper to quickly fasten and hold the board at varying heights. Another plan is to have a cleat on the well; on this the rope may be fastened after hauling up the board at the desired height.

A PROA.

THIS is a perfectly safe boat, and lies close to the water. (See Fig. 5 on page 641.)

Get two 10-inch planks, 16 feet long, and spring them 5 feet from either end, so that they come together at both ends, and are separated 15 inches along the middle for 5 or 6 feet. Diagram H in Fig. 8 will serve to show the construction of this, except that the proa is pointed at both ends. Between the sides place three or four spreaders, two of which should be stout enough to receive the bolts that will hold the two cross-braces. Set a step-block for the mast, then plank the deck and bottom, using plenty of white lead and lamp-wicking between the joints. The cross-braces are of 2 by 4 inch spruce and 6 feet long, and their outer ends are bolted to a solid spruce timber 12 feet long, 4 inches wide, and 10 inches deep; sharpened at each end with an adz, a draw-knife, or chisels and plane, as shown in Fig. 5.

A mast 12 feet long and 3 inches in diameter is stepped 7 feet from the bow, and to it a latteen rig is lashed fast, having the gaff 18 feet and the boom 15 feet long. A block and tackle at the bow will regulate the angle, and another at the stern the position of the sail. Cross-wires for braces may extend under the short decking to steady the outrigger and to keep it from racking the braces. The illustration shows but three boards on the outrigger; it would be safer to have it completely decked.

A ROWING-CATAMARAN.

FOR safety on the water—as near as safety can be assured—there is nothing to compare with a catamaran (see Fig. 6); for it is absolutely “non-capsizable,” and if not damaged to the leaking-point, one or the other of the two boats will float and hold up several persons.

The boats are 14 feet long, 18 inches wide, and 14 deep, including the bottom and deck. Use pine, white-wood, cedar, or cypress $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick and planed on both sides. At the bow, the ends of the sides are attached to a stem-piece of hard wood, as shown at H in Fig. 8; and having poured boiling water on the forward ends, they may be drawn around a spreader 16 inches long and 12 inches wide, provided with two V-cuts at the bottom. These are placed at the bottom so that any water may be run to one end of the boat and pumped out.

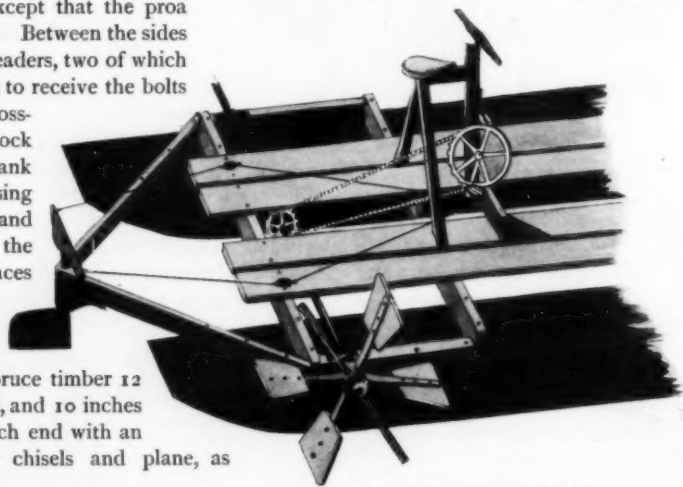


FIG. 7. A SIDE-WHEEL CATAMARAN.

The first spreader is placed 3 feet from the bow, and three or four more of them can be fastened between the sides. The bottom is made of pine or white wood boards, well leaded in the joints and along the edges where the bottom and top boards join the sides; and before the top or deck is placed on, the interior of the boats should have two or three good coats of paint. Three cross-stringers of spruce $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 4 inches, and 6 feet long, are securely attached

to the boats, and on these the deck of 4-inch boards is made fast. Between the middle and forward stringers, at the ends, two boards are at-

sprocket-wheel on an axle. At the outer side of each boat, between the middle and rear cross-braces, fasten two pieces of wood 2 inches wide and 3 inches high, and 6 or 8 inches from the rear end make two V-cuts for a $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch axle to fit into. At a blacksmith's obtain two old carriage or buggy wheels and cut the spokes so that they will be 14 inches long from the hub. Dress one side of each spoke flat so that a paddle can be attached to it with screws. The paddles are of hard wood 8 inches wide at

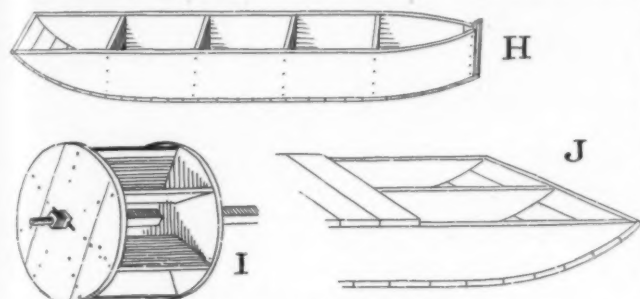


FIG. 8. DETAILS OF A SIDE-WHEEL CATAMARAN AND A BICYCLE-BOAT FOR TWO.

tached on which the row-locks may be fastened. These boards are 8 or 9 inches wide, and cut away at the front so that they are not more than 2 or 3 inches wide. The high ends are braced with round iron braces as shown, and where the row-locks are mounted a short plate of wood is screwed fast to the inside of each piece, as can be seen in Fig. 6. Near the front cross-piece a seat is built and braced with a board as shown in the illustration; and, with another boy at the stern, sitting on the deck, this catamaran will be well balanced and will prove very seaworthy as well as a light boat to row.

the outer end, 6 at the inner end, and 6 inches deep. Fasten the paddles on with brass screws.

Have a blacksmith heat the ends of an axle and pound them square, then slip one hub over the iron and with hard-wood wedges make it fast. When the axle is in place the other wheel can be slipped on and attached in a similar manner.

An old bicycle-chain and sprocket, together with the axle, cranks, and pedals, can be arranged on a frame, so that a saddle can be mounted the proper distance above the pedals. These bicycle parts can be bought cheap.

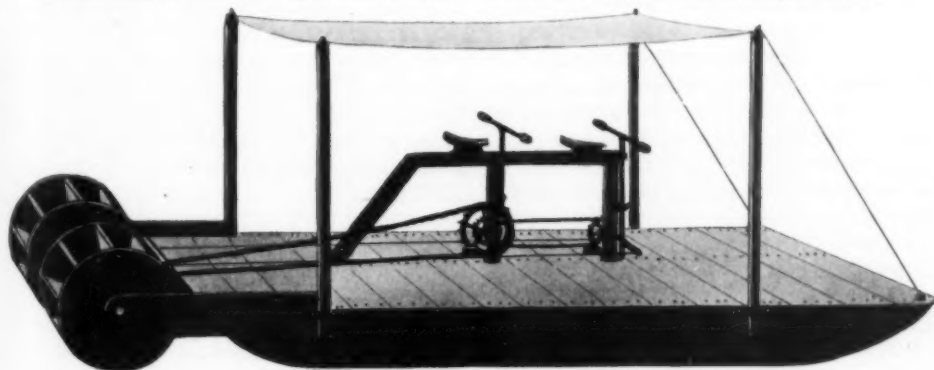


FIG. 9. A BICYCLE-BOAT FOR TWO.

A SIDE-WHEEL CATAMARAN.

A BICYCLE-BOAT FOR TWO.

THE rowing-catamaran can easily be converted into a side-wheel boat (Fig. 7.) by removing the middle deck-slat and making an opening through which a chain will lead to a cog or

A NOVEL feature for the propulsion of a flat-bottom boat, or punt, is shown in Fig. 9. The deck may be boarded over or left open as in the side-wheel catamaran.

KALISTA WISEFELLOW.

BY MARY DILLON.

III. CAMEL'S HUMP.

THERE was another thing for which the back yard was used besides for chickens and ducks, and there was something else nice in it besides the hollyhock hill.

In the winter when the ground was all covered with snow, the children used that long hill from the kitchen windows to the street for coasting, and the other nice thing was a "hump" right in the middle of the hill. When their sled struck the hump they would give a great leap and go flying through the air and come down on the ground ever so much farther down the hill. It was great fun, but you had to hold on tight, or very likely you would go flying off the sled, and the sled would go running off by itself clear down to the fence. And if you were a very little boy like Hector, you might pick yourself up and find you were crying because your face and hands were all scratched by the hard snow.

Of course Kalista never went down the hill alone, but sometimes Achilles or Theodora took her on their sleds in front of them and held her fast, and thought there was never anything so funny as her little shriek of fear and delight when they went over the hump.

One winter evening the FAMILY were all at the supper-table. It was only half-past five o'clock, but the lamps were lighted, and the warm red curtains were drawn to shut out the cold and the dark.

The LEARNED PROFESSOR looked across the table to mama and said:

"It's a glorious moonlight night, My Love; it reminds me of our sleighing party to Mount Holly. Do you remember it?"

Mama smiled and blushed; but before she could reply, Achilles said:

"Oh, papa, won't you let us go coasting to-night down Camel's Hump?"

And then Theodora eagerly chimed in:

"Oh, yes, *please*. And let's go over for the Coltons, and we'll fix up the omnibus, and it will be *such* fun!"

The children were all excitement at once. Hector's eyes sparkled while he waited breathlessly for the answer, and Kalista laid down her porridge-spoon and said, "P'ease do," in her very sweetest tones.

The LEARNED PROFESSOR looked at mama and mama looked at the LEARNED PROFESSOR. It was mama's rule that the children should not go out after supper, but she knew that the best way to have rules kept was to let them be broken once in a while when there was a very good reason for it.

"What do you say, Dear?" said mama, a little doubtfully.

"It's a glorious night," said papa, persuasively.

"I think I will have to take a look at it," said mama, and she rose from the table and went to one of the windows and drew aside the curtains.

There she saw a beautiful sight. The whole garden, away down to Fairy Home, was covered with a shining white floor like marble. Every bush and every tree stood out as clear as day in the moonlight, and the bare branches and twigs threw a network of shadows on the shining marble that looked like the loveliest lace. The LEARNED PROFESSOR went to the window and stood beside mama, and they both looked out on the beautiful sight and never spoke a word for as much as a minute; then he said:

"I think we will have to let them go, Dear."

There was not much more supper eaten that night. Achilles went flying over to Mrs. Colton's to invite Mary and Charlie and Lizzie and Johnny to a moonlight coasting party.

Mrs. Colton said they might go. "But you don't want Johnny, do you?" she asked.

"Oh, yes 'm," said Achilles. "Mama's



"ON THE VERY TOP OF
CAMEL'S HUMP SAT THE
LEARNED PROFESSOR."

the top of the hill ready for a start, and mama and papa were at an upstairs window watching them.

going
to let
Kay go."

And that was quite true; Kalista was going coasting by moonlight, just like a big girl. Mama had not thought of her when she said the children might go; but Kalista slipped from her chair, and took hold of mama's dress, and looked up in her face, and said, "Me, too!" with such a pleading air, and the children all begged so hard to let her go, and Theodora said she would take care of her and hold her tight, that at last mama said she might go.

And then, such a time as there was getting all bundled up and getting the "omnibus" ready! But by six o'clock the four little Coltons and the four little Wisefellows were all at

The "omnibus" was a long ladder fastened to two stout bobs that Achilles and Charlie Colton had made themselves. Achilles sat in front with the guide-ropes in his hands and was engineer, and Charlie sat at the very back and was conductor. Next to Achilles sat Mary Colton, holding fast to Johnny, and she had quite a safe and comfortable seat because she was right over the front sled. Theodora, with Kalista tight in her arms, sat on the back sled just in front of Charlie, and between Mary and Theodora sat Lizzie and Hector, and they had to hold on very tight indeed, for there were no sleds under them; they had to sit on one round of the ladder with their feet on another and hold fast to the sides.

Then when all were in their places, the conductor shouted "All aboard!" three times, and the third time Charlie and Achilles pushed with their feet, and the long sled started slowly down the hill. Very slowly indeed, at first, but soon it was going faster and faster, and by the time it got to the hump it was going very fast. And my! what a leap it gave when it came to the hump! If Achilles had not been a *very* skilful engineer and Charlie a *very* careful conductor, all the passengers would have gone overboard. But Achilles held the ropes very tight and true, and Charlie, who was kneeling at the back, used the toe of his copper-toed boot for a rudder, and so, although the omnibus squirmed and twisted through the

air, it came down all right, with its passengers all safe and sound, and screaming with delight at the lovely jolting. Then they shot over the smooth snow straight for the fence; and when the engineer shouted, "Slow up!" Achilles and Charlie both dug their heels into the snow, and they came to a stop just three feet from the fence. Then all the passengers got off and trudged up the hill, and Charlie and Achilles pulled up the omnibus ready for another start. That was part of the fun, only Kalista and Johnny went so slowly, and the rest of the passengers were so impatient, that the next time Charlie and Achilles and Mary and Theodora made two queen's chairs and carried them up.

Papa and mama watched the children from the window a long time, and papa said it made him wish he was a boy again. After a while, when mama went down to the kitchen to see about something nice she was having cooked there, papa put on his high silk hat and went down into the back yard to be a little nearer the fun. When the children got up to the top of the hill and saw the LEARNED PROFESSOR standing there, they all began to beg him to go down the hill with them. "It was such fun! If he only knew how nice it was, he would surely try it!"

Now I think very likely that was just what the LEARNED PROFESSOR had come out for, to get an invitation to ride down the hill, so he did not need much urging.

As I said before, he had on a high silk hat, and he also wore a kind of coat they called "swallow-tail," with two long narrow tails in the back. Charlie very generously gave up his seat to the LEARNED PROFESSOR, because it was a post of honor, and took one for himself farther front. The LEARNED PROFESSOR did not kneel as Charlie had done, but sat down on the sled; and at first it was a little hard to find out what to do with his long legs. But at last they were all fixed, and the conductor shouted, "All aboard!" for the third time, and they started.

"Oh, is n't it lovely, papa?" said Theodora, as they began to go faster. The LEARNED PROFESSOR'S high hat was planted firmly on his head, his hands were tightly grasping

the sides of the ladder, and his coat-tails floated straight out on the breeze behind him.

"Yes, it is very nice," he said a little doubtfully. At that moment they reached the hump. Up into the air went the first sled, and then as it began to plunge downward, up went the second one twice as high as the first. The LEARNED PROFESSOR gave a little gasp when the first sled struck the hump, but the children did n't hear it, they were all screaming with delight. As the second sled struck and then came down on the ground with a thump, Theodora said again: "Is n't it lovely, papa?"

There was no answer, and Theodora looked around.

On the very top of Camel's Hump sat the LEARNED PROFESSOR, his legs straight out in front of him, his coat-tails straight out behind, resting on the snow, and half-way up the hill his high hat calmly reposing right side up.

He did look *too* funny. He looked "so 'sprised," Hector said, and the children laughed so hard, they nearly tumbled off the sled. As for the LEARNED PROFESSOR, after one hasty and sheepish glance at the house, to make sure that mama had not seen him, he laughed louder than any of the children. And then when they came back up the hill the LEARNED PROFESSOR insisted he must try it again. He had n't been prepared for such a sudden jolt at first, but next time he would know how to stick on. So down they all went again, and this time the LEARNED PROFESSOR went over the hump all right, and the boys gave him three cheers, and the LEARNED PROFESSOR joined in the cheers, which Achilles said was not at all proper. Then when they got to the foot of the hill the LEARNED PROFESSOR picked up the little Kalista and tossed her up on his shoulder, where she held on with her arm squeezed tight around his neck, while he trotted up hill with her.

And then they all begged him to go down "just once more." And that time he carried Johnny up the hill pickaback, and when they got to the top of the hill, there was Janie waiting for them. Janie said it was half-past

seven, and Mrs. Wise fellow said they were all to come into the dining-room, and Mary and Charlie and Lizzie and Johnny must be sure and come too.

Such a short hour and a half ! They could hardly believe it possible that it was half-past seven ! They would have been very sorry to leave such fine sport, only the invitation to the dining-room sounded very nice, and although it had been only two hours since supper, they had played so hard in the clear, sharp winter air that they were quite ready for something to eat.

What a happy troop of children gathered around the table in the bright, warm dining-room ! Everybody was talking at once and all were trying to tell mama about the LEARNED PROFESSOR going over Camel's Hump. Mama thought she had never seen such rosy cheeks or such sparkling eyes, or heard such merry laughter.

And then Janie brought in the great silver soup-tureen of oyster broth, steaming and giving out the most delightful odors.

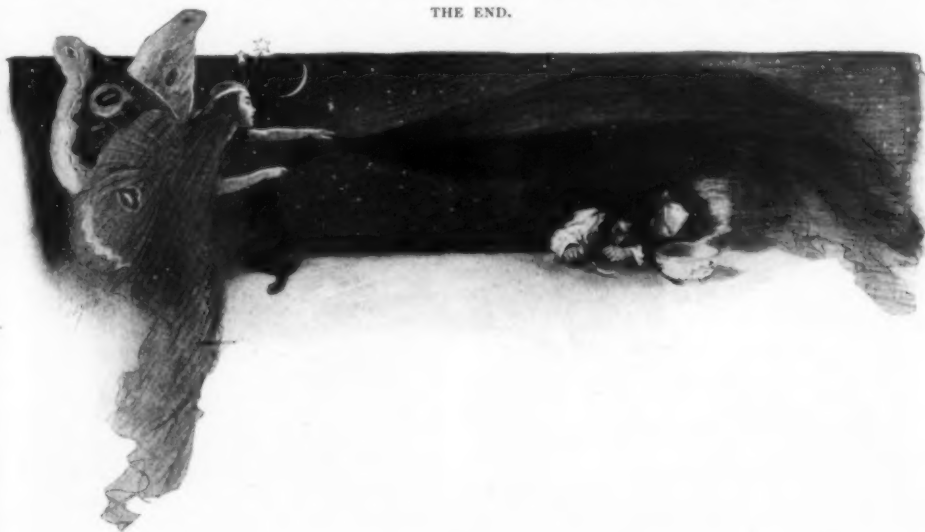
The children were not all fond of oysters, but they all liked the hot broth into which they broke the crisp crackers. The Big Boys and Mary and Theodora were quite proud of liking the oysters as well as the broth ; though with Theodora eating oysters was quite a recent accomplishment, and she found three as many

as she could manage—much to her mortification, for Mary Colton proudly ate *six* !

But the hot broth and the warm room were too much for the little Kalista after her vigorous exercise in the keen air. She struggled with all her might, but the white lids with the long dark lashes *would* keep dropping down over the bright eyes, and the curly brown head *would* keep nodding in a very disgraceful manner. Achilles had just been telling over again, for the third time, how funny papa looked sitting on top of the hump, with the sled flying down the hill without him, and the children had shouted with laughter just as much the third time as they had the first, and little Kalista had tried her best to join in the laugh, and had only succeeded in making one sleepy little gurgle, when her head sank beside her bowl of broth.

And, just as on the evening of the Christening Party, she was sound asleep at the table ; and, just as on that evening, the LEARNED PROFESSOR took her up softly in his arms and carried her to Janie. But this time she did n't wake up at all ; only, when Janie had put on her pretty white nightgown and tucked her in her soft, warm crib, another sleepy little gurgle of laughter rippled out of her rosy mouth, and Janie thought she must be dreaming of how papa went over Camel's Hump.

THE END.





NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

EDITED BY
EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

Black-and-white warbler.

American redstart.

Chestnut-sided warbler.

Magnolia warbler.

"If on any day in May the tree-tops are full of flitting little warblers, it is no sign that the following day will find them still there."

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

THE yearly return of the birds is one of the greatest of nature's puzzles. For many years grown-up folks have been observing and re-



A ROBIN PULLING AN EARTHWORM OUT OF THE GROUND.

cording facts pertaining to this puzzle. In this all young folks can aid.

Nearly all small birds make their long flights by night, spending the daytime quietly feeding and resting, so that if on any day in May the tree-tops are full of flitting little warblers, it is no sign that the following day will find them still there. Some kinds, like phœbes, song-sparrows, meadow-larks, and bluebirds, come very early—as soon as the snow is all gone and the south-sloping hillsides begin to feel warm and "smell of spring."

But it is not until May, when the buds are bursting and the apple-trees are in blossom, that the vast numbers of little birds come to stay with us or to pass on farther north.

What is the best place to look for birds?

Why, every kind of place has its charms for different kinds of birds. Along the little streams or lakes you can find dainty sand-pipers, green herons, and phœbes. A kingfisher's rattling cry may catch your ear; you may even see him plunge headlong into the water and come out with a gleaming shiner in his big bill. In the marshes are the beautiful clear-piping redwings and the chuckling marsh-wrens, and you may startle a big brown bittern. Along the roadways the vesper-sparrows may fly ahead of you, showing their white tail-feathers as they go.

The great things to learn about birds, after you have come to know a number of kinds, are: first, that every kind does things in its own way; second, that they group themselves



THE RED-SHOULDERED BLACKBIRD MAKES MUSIC IN THE MARSHES.

naturally into families as much by similar habits as by what scientific men call "character." Thus, flycatchers dart out and catch insects on the wing, with a snap of the bill, returning to their perch to wait for another victim. Sparrows like to be near or on the ground. Woodpeckers like to climb about in the trees, bracing on their stiff tails, head up. It has been ascertained that, in the main, birds like to follow valleys when they can, even going back for short distances to enter a valley that will lead them in their true direction. Many birds do not migrate at all, like the crows, chickadees, and many hawks and woodpeckers; while others, like the red-poll linnets, snowflakes, crossbills, and butcher-birds, come to us only with very cold winters.

But how birds know when to go, and which



A KINGFISHER PLUNGING HEADLONG INTO THE WATER.

way to turn, are things not yet well understood, because the flights are at night and the great movements start a long time before it is really necessary for the birds to go. They leave their winter homes (perhaps in Mexico) when there is no perceptible change in the weather, and return from their breeding-grounds in most cases while their food-supply is at its very height—long before it is cold or the grass and weed seeds and insects begin to get scarce. In many cases, too, the young birds of the year, who have never left their homes before, lead the long procession in the great southward flight and are followed later by their parents.

To show how well birds know where to go, even when they cannot see their goal, I will



A HUMMING-BIRD EXTRACTING NECTAR FROM THE HONEYSUCKLE.

tell of a vast colony of sea-birds I once visited far up in the Bering Sea, on a volcanic island called Bogoslof. There is always a dense fog in this sea, and the island is always shrouded in steam. Yet, as our ship approached, more and more birds were seen flying over us, until, when we got quite near, a constant stream of them came out of the gloom and were lost again,—all going in the same direction, which, as our compass showed us, was straight for the island. And when some of our party took a ship's boat and went ashore, the birds were seen to dive right into the thick columns of steam, where their single egg was laid on some tiny shelf of rock. Yet, while it was impossible to see a bird fifty feet in the dense fog, birds had been going over our ship for fifty miles. LOUIS AGASSIZ FUERTES.

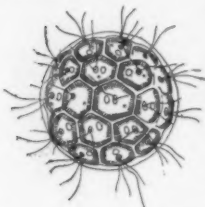
While sight is of the first importance to the older and more experienced birds who know the way, young birds, who are making the journey for the first time, doubtless rely on their hearing to guide them. Birds' ears are exceedingly acute. They readily detect sounds which to us would be inaudible.—CHAPMAN.



"CAW, CAW, CAW! WHY DID YOU ALL GO SOUTH? WE STAYED AT HOME."

SMALL BUT INTERESTING FORMS OF LIFE.

ONE day I found, in a damp place in the road, what looked like a dab of green paint. I was sure it could not be that, so I took some of it home for examination under the microscope. There I discovered that my "find" was composed of hundreds of minute polliwog-like things, each with a very slender lash-like thread at the front. They each had a soft, green body, and a red



"MANY BODIES, EACH WITH TWO ANTERIOR LASHES."
(*Pandorina morum*.)

spot that seemed to be an eye. The tiny creatures, scores in a drop of water, swam about, with the whip-like lash foremost and wiggling so fast that it was almost invisible.

I had found a lot of euglenas, as they are called. You will find them described in the botanies as plants and in the zoölogies as animals, so you may take your choice and put them in either class.

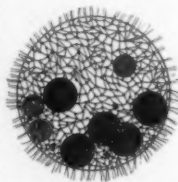
This is not very important, because among these lowly beings the difference between plants and animals is pretty much wanting.



"LIKE A MIS-SHAPEN FLASK WITH A LONG NECK AND A MOUTH AT THE END WHERE THE CORK SHOULD GO."
(*Chelospira Müllerii*.)

One reason why we think that euglena is a plant is that many undoubted plants, at certain seasons of the year, break up into just such little tadpole-like bodies, which swim away and finally grow into new plants. Another reason is that there are two or three small water-plants—at least they are, on the whole, more like plants than animals—which are hardly different from a lot of euglenas growing together in a colony.

One of these, pandorina, is made



"STUCK ALL OVER WITH GREEN BODIES THAT LOOK LIKE DOTS."
(*Volvox globator*.)

lashes. The bodies are bunched together in a spherical mass, with their numerous trembling threads sticking out in all directions. Sometimes the colony breaks up and the separate parts swim away to freedom. Sometimes each one of these parts splits up into sixteen



"SUGGESTS A SWAN."
(*Trachelocerca alor*.)

smaller ones, which swim away and become full-sized colonies in their turn. Another of these water-plants is the volvox, a hollow sphere about the size of the periods on this page, and stuck all over the surface with green bodies that look like dots. These are so numerous that when the whip-like lashes beat the water all together, they send the little green ball rolling and spinning along in a lively way.

On the other hand, there are plenty of creatures which are usually counted as animals, but which, with the exception of their color, are nearly like euglena in structure. Some of these are red, some brown, some yellow. Seen under the microscope, they sparkle like little jewels, and where they occur, a thousand to a thimbleful of water, they color large patches of the ocean.



"LIKE AN ANCHOR WITH HORN FLUKES."
(*Ceratium tripos*.)

Besides these there are many microscopic creatures which are beyond all possible doubt animals and not plants, living almost anywhere in water, on the surface of the mud, or even in the bodies of larger animals. One sort is in form like a misshapen flask with a long neck and a mouth at the end where the cork should go. Another suggests a swan; a third an elephant. A fourth is like an anchor with horny flukes, while still another lives in a dwelling shaped



"LIVES IN A DWELLING SHAPED LIKE A GOBLET."
(*Cothurnia patula*.)

like a goblet. In short, there is no end to their strange forms and wonderful structure.

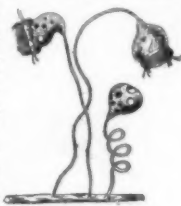
Some of the commonest kinds, however, are not less interesting. One has only to dip up a few gills of water from any pool or ditch, and let it stand in the window for a few days, to get hundreds of infusoria of several different kinds. The trumpet-animalcule (stentor) and the slipper-animalcule (paramecium) are particularly easy to find, and large enough to be seen, though with some difficulty, with the unaided eye. These move by means of countless little cilia, as they are called, instead of one or two long lashes, and they go whirling over and over as they swim, so that their course is straight ahead in spite of their lopsided bodies.

They are so transparent that one can see much that goes on within them, and make out the balls of half-digested food and the smaller animals or plants which they have more recently swallowed. It is a lively sight when half a hundred slippers get together around a mass of bacteria, of which they are fond. They shove and push and butt one another for all the world like so many little pigs around the trough at dinner-time.



THE SLIPPER-ANIMALCULE.
(*Paramecium aurelia*.)

Another common infusorian, smaller than these and therefore harder to find, is the bell-animalcule (vorticella). When full-grown and in comfortable quarters, this is always fixed to some support by means of a long stalk. It has a tiny, roundish body, with a crown of cilia about the upper edge. When disturbed it vanishes like a flash; but if one looks closely, he finds it clinging to its support, its stalk coiled up like a spiral spring, ready to uncoil and let the creature blossom out again when the danger is past.



THE BELL-ANIMALCULE.
(*Vorticella nutans*.)

E. T. BREWSTER.

A FREAK OF NATURE.

IN my country rambles I, of course, always carry a sketch-book, and very often one of my cameras. In the book I make "studies" for pleasure or for future use; with the camera I get a more perfect picture of what I have n't time to sketch, or of what will not admit of sketching. My wife and I were out mountain-climbing one fine afternoon last summer, when, in a wood of chestnut-trees, she called my attention to two that had grown together.



THE CHESTNUT-TREES THAT HAD GROWN TOGETHER.

They were tall and on a steep hillside or mountain, and the light on them was bad, but I decided that I must get a picture of them. I thought the sun would possibly get into the woods in the morning and light them up.

I took my "pocket-camera" and tripod, and trudged up the steepest mountain that I ever climbed, just to get that picture. The light on the trees was perfect, and I hastened to get the exposure before it changed too much.

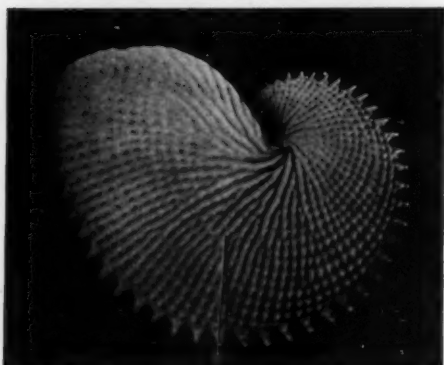
It was difficult to adjust the tripod on such a steep, uneven place; but a friendly moss-grown log helped me, and I set my shutter at stop 64, and gave it one second.

My wife tells me of two young trees, one of which was rubbed by the wind against the other till the bark was rubbed off and a natural graft made, which in later years appeared like this pair, which is so interesting.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.

THE PAPER-NAUTILUS.

THIS beautiful, silvery-white shell, with radiating and encircling rows of low prominences, has been called the argonaut or the paper-sailor. The former name recalls that of the ship which carried the bold Greek adventurers



SHELL OF THE PAPER-NAUTILUS.

who, centuries ago, started out to find the Golden Fleece. It is an exquisitely light and delicate structure. The lovely creatures inhabit the warmer seas, and are sometimes found along the coasts of Florida and of California. They appear in great numbers at Messina, Italy, during the spawning season. The specimen figured here is at the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, and is regarded as one of the most perfect known. All the delicate and fragile ornamentation of its surface is preserved, and its outline is unmarred by any break or disfigurement. Perhaps the shell ranks among the gems in the animal world because of its mathematical perfection and symmetry.

L. P. GRATACAP.

“BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW”
????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square
New York

CUTTING GLASS UNDER WATER.

STRATHCLAIR, MANITOBA, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We all take such an interest in Nature and Science, that there is a question which I should like to ask that department, “because we want to know.”

How is it that glass can be cut under water with a pair of scissors, when they make no impression on it when used out of the water?

Wishing St. NICHOLAS long life and success, I remain,
Yours truly,

GERTRUDE MAY WINSTONE.

Glass may be “cut,” or rather broken off, with a heavy pair of scissors, or shears, more conveniently under water than out of it, because the water prevents the small pieces from scattering and endangering fingers or eyes. The scissors have as much effect on the glass out of the water as in.

FOOD HABITS OF SHINERS.

WABASHA, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on the Mississippi River, and have noticed that the shiners, or skipjacks, as they are called here, are always caught on the surface of the water, although they are never seen there like gars. Why is it that they are not caught under water like other fish? Ever your reader,

JAMES G. LAWRENCE.

Fishermen say that there are two classes of fishes, those which feed at the surface and those that seek their food nearer the bottom. Your shiner is not only a surface feeder, but it is very fond of fresh air, and may often be seen to come to the top for a good breath. In many



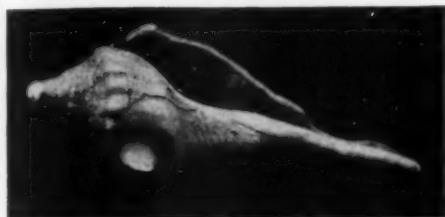
THE SHINER.

other parts of the country they feed well under the surface, and I have seen them eating at the bottom of small creeks and ponds.

A HOLE IN A SHELL.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I inclose in this mail a shell which I found last summer at Atlantic City. It has a



SHELL OF *FULGUR CARICA*.
(Showing hole made by a drill-mollusk.)

true hole at one side. Can you tell me how the hole happens to be there?

Yours truly,
ABRAM KARSH (age 12).

Your shell is a small *Fulgur carica*, and the evenly cut hole on the side has been made by a drill-mollusk, *Urosalpinx cinera*. The shell you send is common on our coast, and grows larger than the size of the little specimen you send. This drill-mollusk is a great enemy of oysters. See further particulars in Mrs. Arnold's "The Sea-beach at Ebb Tide," published by The Century Co.

A WHITE ENGLISH SPARROW.

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been very much interested in a little white bird that has been in our neighborhood this fall, with a flock of sparrows. It is a pure white bird except for a few grayish-blue feathers and dark spots under its wings, and a dark-blue spot on top of its head. We wonder if there could be such a thing as a white sparrow.

One of your readers, SARA CASHEY (age 10).

Undoubtedly a partial albino English sparrow. They are frequently seen about the city. Most domesticated or semi-domesticated animals show a strong tendency to albinism.

W. S.

HOW THE TREE-TOAD CHANGES ITS COLOR.

ONTARIO, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in the tree-toads around here, and I should like to know more about them. The first tree-toad I ever saw was up the river about two miles, at a place which we call "Air Camp," because that is where we camp. The tree-toad was on a dead tree and was just the color of

the bark. This summer there was one on the kitchen window in a box of plants. It was bright green, the color of the leaves on the plants. Is the natural color of tree-toads green with black stripes? Will you please tell me more about them, and what makes them change color?

Your interested reader,
WINONA STEWART.

NORTHUMBERLAND, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last spring I introduced into my greenhouse half a dozen small green frogs. I believe their original home was the south of France. They are really pretty little fellows, about two inches long, very clean and green, with a little round sucker on the end of each toe. By the aid of these they climb and cling all over the plants, and even on to the smooth surface of the glass and wood; and very funny it is to see one of them hanging by one toe for a second or two in the course of his rambles. They are certainly very easy to keep, as they find their own board and lodging, and at the same time are very useful in keeping down the flies which attack the plants; but they are very modest about it, for never since I have had them have I seen them eat or drink anything! They used to be very fond of climbing up the rose-vine at the side of the greenhouse, and I fancy some of them escaped through the open window in the warm weather, for now I usually only see two. Once one escaped and made his way into the house, where he was discovered in the back kitchen, and once or twice they have been found in the garden. One of the queerest things about them is their habit of barking: you can't call it croaking—it is a loud, sharp, chattering bark, like a small dog. We were all very much surprised the first time we heard it. I happened to see one of the vocalists directly after, and his throat was swelled as if he had been trying to swallow a marble and it had stuck half-way. One day one of them came into the drawing-room on a plant (I did not notice him as I was carrying it in) and startled some visitors by suddenly joining in the conversation!

Another queer thing about them is that they seem to



THE TREE-TOAD THAT CHANGES COLOR.
(*Hyla versicolor*.)

have no objection to heat and light: I would often find them on the hot summer days basking in the sun, and apparently enjoying it. When the cold weather came

on they both retired under a flower-pot saucer which I kept full of water on the greenhouse shelf, as a bath for them, where they remained huddled together, puffing quietly, as usual, but apparently in a state of hiber-



ONE OF THE HYLAS OR "SPRING PEPPERS" SWELLING HIS THROAT.

Imagine a man swelling his throat thus until it took a balloon shape fully three feet in diameter, and then letting the thing collapse with a deafening scream that could be heard fully eighteen miles! Yet this, supposing the *Hyla*'s size and voice could be proportionately increased, is exactly what would happen.—MATHEWS. (This is *Hyla pickeringii*.)

nation. After Christmas, however, we had some much milder weather, and on looking under the saucer I found they had disappeared. Yesterday, however, I found one cuddled down between the leaf and stalk of one of the plants. I was tearing off the leaf, as it was turning brown, and he looked rather disgusted at being disturbed.

I would be very much obliged if you will tell me how it is that these frogs, chameleons, etc., change their color so as to match what they are resting on. When first I got them one was dark brown, and I suppose had been sitting on some earth; later I found one in a chrysanthemum-pot, and it was spotty gray-green like the leaves of that plant. It can hardly be a conscious action on the part of the animal, in the way in which a bird will conceal itself or its nest so as to harmonize with its surroundings; it is not quite the same as those animals that are colored so as to render them inconspicuous in the places they frequent, such as the lion or the Arctic hare. Buckland says that all the theories on the subject are unsatisfactory; but has anything been discovered since he wrote? And to how many colors can the animals change?

Yours truly,

M. MEARS (age 15).

The common American form of tree-toad, or, better, tree-frog (*Hyla versicolor*), ranges from very pale gray to almost black, often with a faint greenish tinge, and sometimes quite green. The common form in the north of Europe is a green of various shades, appearing occasionally as a bronze-brown. Tree-frogs change their color

when excited by light, heat, cold, variations in moisture, food, and the excitement of the chase. The impressions which reach them through their eyes appear to be the most important. The change in color depends on the movement of the blackish granules contained in cells located in the skin. These granules are at times collected into tiny masses, deep below the outer surface of the skin, and at other times spread out like little splatters of ink nearer the surface. The cells containing these granules (or coloring-matter) are called chromatophores, or color-bearers.

When black granules are condensed and withdrawn from the surface of the skin, the animal has the fixed color of the skin and in general appears light; when the granules are spread out and close to the surface, the color is variously modified, and becomes dark. These changes are chiefly under the control of the nervous system.

The very interesting power to change color is found in many other animals: insects and other invertebrates; many species of frogs and



A FAVORITE RESORT OF THE HYLAS.

Close by, in a corner lot between the two cross-roads of the village, lies a wretched little puddle, the home of countless *Hylas* until the June sun dries it up.—SHARP.

toads; fishes and reptiles, the classical example among the reptiles being the African chameleon.

THE EARS OF FROGS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for only about six months, and I like you very much in-



DRUM-LIKE TYMPANUM
(EAR) ON SIDE OF
HEAD OF BULL-FROG.

deed. I am a new subscriber, and I am delighted when I receive your lovely magazine. There is a question I would like to ask you, and it is: Have toads and frogs ears? I am almost sure they have, though we cannot see them. The question was brought up in school, and while some of the girls said they had, others said they did not; so I thought I would write to you, where I should get the right answer.

Wishing you great success and a long life, I remain,

Your faithful reader,

BEATRICE C. NATHANS (age 11).

THE EARS OF TURTLES.

CORNWALL (ROCK ACRE), N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a glass case with five turtles in it—two snapping-turtles and three box-turtles. I have looked well for their ears, but cannot find any. Please tell me how they can hear.

Your friend and reader,

ETHEL HARVEY OUTERBRIDGE (age 11).

AFFECTED BY A JAR, BUT NOT BY LOUD NOISE.

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have three turtles, and the loudest noises don't seem to disturb them in the least, although a slight jar excites them surprisingly.

Your loving reader,

EDWARD HINE.

The ears of a frog are the thin, flat spots back of the eyes. Scientists call the vibrating tissue over each spot a tympanic membrane. This vibrates after the manner of the head of a drum—only, of course, on a very small scale.

There is no opening as in the ears of higher animals.

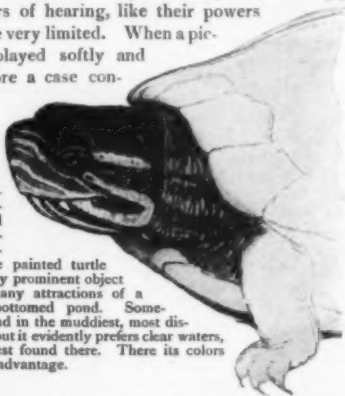
Turtles have similar membranes a little back of the jaws, but they are smaller than in the frog, and do not show conspicuously. Indeed, unless you know just where to look, you will fail to find them, because they are below thick skin. You can usually feel this membrane, by pressing with thumb and finger on both sides of the head, as an elastic spot surrounded by a hard, circular wall.

In most fishes the internal ear does not have this tympanic membrane, and the "ear" is probably not for hearing, but an organ of equilibrium (that is, of keeping right side up) only. Some salamanders do not have this membrane, but others, and all the higher amphibians, like frogs and turtles, have the membrane.

Snakes have no membrane, and the hearing is right through the bone of the skull, which we can somewhat understand by comparing it to our hearing noises or other sounds through the partition between two rooms of a house. Snakes are not charmed by music.

Strange that such a myth so contrary to the actual facts should have originated. An animal of very imperfect hearing charmed by music! Regarding this, the following quotation from "The Vivarium" will be of interest.

I think the general belief that snakes can be charmed by music should be added to the list of fallacies about them. Snakes have no exposed ears, and, seemingly, their powers of hearing, like their powers of sight, are very limited. When a piccolo was played softly and shrilly before a con-



THE HEAD OF
A PAINTED
TURTLE.

The beautifully variegated head and shell—red, yellow, blue-black—of the painted turtle makes it a very prominent object among the many attractions of a clear, sandy-bottomed pond. Sometimes it is found in the muddiest, most dismal marishes, but it evidently prefers clear waters, for it is oftentimes found there. There its colors show to good advantage.

taining snakes, neither the music nor the noise made any impression upon them as far as I could see.—REV. GREGORY C. BATEMAN, in "The Vivarium."

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

FOR MAY.



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY D. M. SHAW, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

SPRING RHYME.

THROUGH sloping fields be-
decked with spring,
Where daisies bud and robins
sing,
With happy hearts and spirits
gay
We March through April
into May.

WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CAN DO.

THIS has been one of the League's very large months: more good poems, stories, drawings, etc., than we could find room to print or even to put on the Roll of Honor. Much of the work is almost professional in its touch, and many Leaguers who have reached the age limit, and are so sorry to leave us behind, need not fear for their ultimate success in the larger fields of art and letters which lie ahead.

Of course success will not come without a struggle—it never does, and it never ought to. The effort to win the prizes in the League is only a preparation for the greater struggle to win the greater prizes of recognition and material reward which the world has to bestow on those who labor long and well in the divers ways of literature and art. If the effort be conscientious and persistent, and if it is backed with only a little talent, some measure of success is sure. But never to confess discouragement, never to acknowledge defeat, to strive and keep on striving so long as life lasts and brain endures,—that is the way of winning, and it is for that way and for that life of unceasing effort that the League is a preparatory school.

It is five years ago that we were writing our first introduction to a May League. Most of those who were members then have passed beyond the age limit; some of them have become workers—successful ones—in the larger fields. But the advice we gave them that month, curiously enough, fits in with what we have just said, now, five years later, and may be repeated here. This is what we said:

"If there comes no encouragement whatever after several trials, it may be because you have undertaken something unsuited to you. If you have written five stories, for instance, and not obtained even honorable mention, suppose you try a poem, or a drawing, or a puzzle, or puzzle-answers.

There are many ways to obtain recognition through perseverance and conscientious effort. We cannot all have genius, but we can all have industry and perseverance, and in the long run the difference between these and genius is said to be hardly noticeable. Remember this, and that the value of faithful effort is worth more to us than the winning of a gold or silver badge."

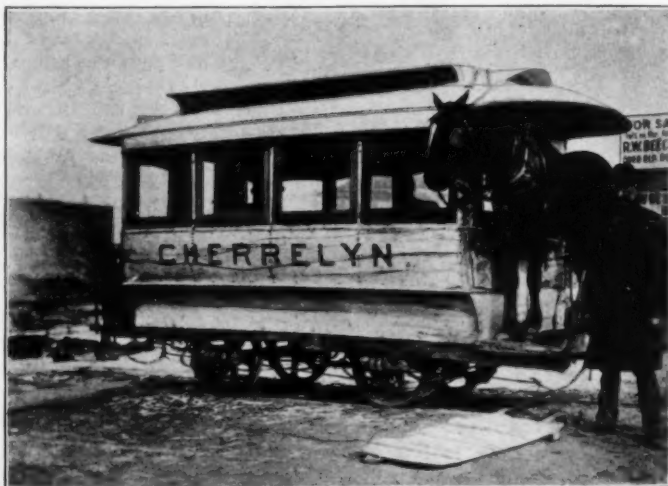
PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 65.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Mary Yeula Wescott** (age 15), Poplar Branch, N. C., and **Elmira Keene** (age 16), 31 E. Springfield St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **Edward S. Ingham** (age 8), Irvington, N. Y., and **Dorothy Kerr Floyd** (age 12), 181 Cypress Ave., Flushing, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Henry B. Dillard** (age 14), Huntsville, Ala., and **Helen Davenport Perry** (age 13), 70 North Main St., Rockland, Maine.



"AN OLD RELIC." BY LAWRENCE V. SHERIDAN, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

Silver badges, **Bernard Nussbaumer** (age 11), 50 E. 108th St., New York City, and **Lawrence Burton** (age 10), Sullivan, Ind.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Ray Sapp** (age 17), 91 Starr Ave., Columbus, Ohio, and **D. M. Shaw** (age 14), 2 Tor Villa, Watts Road, Tavistock, Devon, England.

Silver badges, **Harold Sheffield van Buren, Jr.** (age 7), 15 Promenade des Anglais, Nice, France; **Charlotte Waugh** (age 15), 144 W. Robie St., St. Paul, Minn.; and **Richard A. Reddy** (age 17), New Brighton, Staten Island.

Photography. Gold badges, **Lawrence V. Sheridan** (age 17), 449 S. Clay St., Frankfort, Ind., and **Edmonia M. Adams** (age 12), House K, Navy-yard, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Carl Stearns** (age 11), 14 Lincoln St., S. Framingham, Mass., and **Elsie Williamson** (age 12), 1270 Dorchester St., Montreal, Canada.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Opossum," by **Lucien Carr**, 3d (age 17), Winchester, Va. Second prize, "Deer," by **Katharine E. Pratt**

(age 13), 241 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Third prize, "Duck," by **H. Maynard Rees** (age 13), 972 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Fannie Tutwiler** (age 16), 113 31st St., E., Savannah, Ga., and **Edna Krouseage** (age 14), 527 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.

Silver badges, **Mason Garfield** (age 12), 49 Library Place, Princeton, N. J., and **Catharine E. Jackson** (age 14), Seminole Inn, Winter Park, Fla.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Neil A. Cameron** (age 12), Sylvania, Pa., and **Marguerite Hyde** (age 12), 68 Dagmar St., Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

Silver badges, **Marjorie Mullins** (age 14), Franklin, Pa.; **Gladys Cherryman** (age 14), 188 Scribner St., Grand Rapids, Mich.; and **William Munford Baker** (age 14), 80 W. 40th St., New York City.

MY HOME BESIDE THE OCEAN.

BY MARY YEULA WESCOTT (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

In my home beside the ocean

I can hear the sea-birds cry;

I can watch them darting upward

Clear against the azure sky.

I can watch the white-winged vessels

Sailing onward out to sea;

In my home beside the ocean

I am happy as can be.

In my home beside the ocean

I can hear the billows roar;

I can watch the white-capped breakers

As they dash against the shore.

When old Neptune grows quite angry,
I can see the waves afar
Madly rush before each other
On across the sandy bar.

In my home beside the ocean,
When the spring has come again,
And I hear the low, sweet patter
Of the gentle summer rain,
Or the sun is shining brightly,
Then my life is filled with glee,
And the days pass—oh, so quickly!
In my home beside the sea.

A KIND DEED.

BY HENRY B. DILLARD (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

ABOUT the year 1842 the greatest misfortune overtook a negro slave girl, by name Frances.

The old "marster" had died, the property being divided among several persons.



"AN OLD RELIC." CANNONADE FROM THE CONSTITUTION, NOW AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD. BY EDMONIA M. ADAMS, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

A few of the slaves were to be sold; among them was Frances, who was about sixteen years old.

They were bought by a slave-trader who, to save trouble and delays by good-bys, determined to secure them on his vessel by a ruse.

The next day Frances received orders to board the vessel in the harbor and sell vegetables. This she did.

Soon other slaves arrived, and before long the vessel sailed away to Norfolk.

Frances was wild with grief. She did not know that the captain was her owner. Even if she had it would have made little difference; she was leaving home and everything she had ever loved and cared for. From Norfolk they proceeded overland to Alabama, camping at night or tramping over mountains and fording rivers during the day. When, after a long, weary journey, she reached Huntsville, Alabama, she was put on the block and sold again.

The years rolled away. Frances was freed with the rest of the slaves at the close of the war. She was now at work for my grandmother as cook.

All she could remember was that she came from the tide-water regions of Virginia. Her grief had so crazed her that she remembered nothing that had happened from the time she left till she reached Huntsville. At last, one day, she remembered the name Gloucester court-house.

My mother wrote that same day to the negro church at Gloucester, asking if anything was known of the family.

In two weeks Frances received a letter from her sister saying that she was alive and well, and that her mother had been dead only three years.

Frances left in a few days for her old home, and there met her sister for the first time in many years. The writing of that letter restored her to her only remaining relative, for if my mother had not written, it is very probable Frances would never have seen or even heard of her sister again in this world.

HOME LONGINGS.

BY ELMIRA KEENE (AGE 16).

(Illustrated Poem. Gold Badge.)

THOUGH from my window here I see
The ocean in its wild unrest,
The rocky beach, the craggy ledge
Where Nature gives her mightiest;

And though the sunset by that sea
Its own unrivaled beauty brings,
And leaving as it dies away
A half disgust for lesser things:

Yet still I miss the noisy cars,
The children's voices, shrill
and sweet,
Rising above the rest to make
The music of the city street.

The line of houses stretch-
ing far,
And fading in the city
blue;
The thousand things that made
home dear,
And greatest of the missing—
you.

For us the pleasure of our days
In our association lies;
Perhaps the earth-born stranger weeps
Within the gates of paradise.

The St. Nicholas League, now more than five years old, is an organization of St. NICHOLAS readers; the membership is free. A League badge and instruction leaflet will be sent on application.



"AN OLD RELIC." BY ELSIE WILLIAMSON, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"THE MUSIC OF THE CITY STREET." (SEE POEM,
"HOME LONGINGS.")



"AN OLD RELIC." BY CARL
STEARNS, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

A KIND DEED.

BY HELEN DAVENPORT
PERRY (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

SHE is my heroine of kind deeds, and her name, Clara Barton, is known and revered throughout many different countries. Fame and honor she won for herself as a Red Cross nurse, and in the Civil War she nursed the wounded soldiers through sixteen terrible battles, among which were Bull Run, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. It was a long time before America consented to sign the Red Cross Treaty, but as a result of Clara Barton's long and untiring efforts the nation did so finally. At the head of this organization in America was my heroine of kind deeds. After the Civil War ended, she spent four years searching for soldiers who were reported as missing, and marking the graves of those who would never again hear the roar of the cannon. This was a hard and long task, and upon finishing it she was completely worn out.

Her physician advised her to go to Europe, and she finally decided to go to Switzerland, where the Red Cross Treaty was first signed. She had not been there

long before the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and the Red Cross sought her aid, for they knew that her long experience would be of great value to them. She could not refuse, and once more went on the battle-field. Many soldiers will remember her for her kindness and devotion to them as they lay wounded on the field, but in my memory she will always remain the heroine of kind deeds.

She is old now, too old to follow the Red Cross any more; yet she has faithfully done her part.

One of my favorite authors says in a recent book, "She now sits in the evening of her life, and has many jewels in remembrance of her kind deeds."

It is a noble and kind deed to aid those who are willing to die for their country's sake, and if any woman's name ever be written in the temple of fame it should be Clara Barton's.

Lost or damaged League badges will be replaced free on application. This does not apply to prize badges, which cannot be replaced.

KINDNESS.

(A story about Longfellow, never before published.)

BY LAWRENCE BURTON (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

My mama has an old cousin living now in Columbus, Ohio, who has been a frequent visitor in our family.

A good many years ago he was a law student in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and while he was there the government of Brazil sent about twenty young men to our country to go to our different schools to study law. One of them, a Mr. Del Bal, who went to Cambridge, boarded at the same place with this cousin Phil, and they became fast friends.

Mr. Del Bal knew our language well, and a great deal about our literature; and he especially admired Mr. Longfellow's works.

He carried a letter of introduction to him, and was very eager for the time when he might call on him, but would not think of going to see him until he had learned all that was perfectly proper to do in our country in making such a call.

He wanted to know the proper time in the day to call, how long he ought to stay, and just what he should wear. He was so particular that every article should be exactly what we would consider correct, and that he might not make any breach of etiquette.

At last he went to call, and Mr. Longfellow himself met him at the door, in his cordial manner, and took him back through the long hall to his study.

Mr. Del Bal was so charmed with Mr. Longfellow, and his kind, friendly manner put him so at ease, that before he realized it he had stayed much longer than he had intended to. They conversed in Spanish, Mr. Del Bal's language, and he said afterward that Mr. Longfellow spoke the language as correctly as if he were a Spaniard.

When Mr. Del Bal rose to leave, Mr. Longfellow bade him adieu at the study door, and let him come down the hall alone. But when he reached the front door he could not get it open. He worked at it such a long time, it seemed to him, but he could not move it. Finally Mr. Longfellow must have heard him, for he opened the study door and came down the hall smiling. He said: "Well, Mr. Del Bal, I hope you will always find it harder to get out of my house than to get into it."



"OPOSSUM." BY LUCIEN CARR, 3RD, AGE 17. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"DEER." BY KATHARINE E. FRATT, AGE 13. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"DUCK." BY H. MAYNARD REES, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

Often afterward when Mr. Del Bal and Cousin Phil would be out for a walk they would meet Mr. Longfellow. He always greeted them with a smile, and would speak to Mr. Del Bal in Spanish.

These little simple acts of kindness did much to cheer a stranger in a strange land.

AT OUR SUMMER HOME.

BY EDWARD S. INGHAM (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge.)

EVERY summer my sister and I Play around, and pretend to fly;

In the play-house, around and around, Chasing over a lot of ground.

Every summer my sister and I Put on wings and climb on high:

Climb so high that we can see Far, far over land and sea.

Every summer we do these things, Climb the trees and put on wings; So, some summer, if you'll come to see, We'll show you how we climb the tree.

A KIND DEED.

BY BERNARD NUSSBAUMER

(AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

MANY men have shown their bravery by doing great deeds, and have received their reward; but the story I am about to tell is of a different kind. It is of a man who cared little for praise, but who did more than his duty only for the good it would do to others.

It happened during Napoleon's retreat from Moscow in the winter of 1812, among the remains of the brigadiers of Baden. These, for the most part ill or wounded, had retreated to Vilna in the hope of finding peace and comfort.

The victorious enemy marched to this same place to refresh themselves. Using their power, they seized the best houses and rooms, and confined the poor German allies of Napoleon to the worst quarters. In this way a certain troop of about eighty officers was crowded into two rooms. Many were half frozen, and many lay in fever from their wounds. They were in a piteous condition, with no means of aid and no physicians, so that many of them died. Those who were left were captured by the Russians, and the outlook was very dark.

Unexpectedly one brave man

appeared upon the scene. He was military surgeon, and although he himself had escaped capture, he returned to Vilna to use all his powers to help his comrades. The act was particularly beautiful, for he might have returned home safely; but instead he ran the risk of becoming a captive and of sharing the famine, the cold, and danger of his fellow-soldiers. Not only did he help them with his medical skill, but he also gave them what money he had to procure expensive medicines and bread.

The greatest risk of all was in himself venturing out to get the medicines, because the Russians would torture and maltreat any of the Germans who ventured out. Many of those who had previously attempted it met with a sad fate. So this brave surgeon disguised himself as a Russian peasant, with high boots, a long coat, and a switch, and went out every night to bring aid to the suffering.

This story, which we read in old family letters,



"AN OLD RELIC." LOG-CABIN CAMPAIGN BANNER, 1840.
BY GERTRUDE M. HOWLAND, AGE 12.

A KIND DEED DOUBLED.

BY ALLEN FRANK BREWER (AGE 15).

THE night of the blizzard in February, 1905, my uncle discovered, on arriving home, that a strange black dog had followed him. He did not take it in, however, as he thought it would go away. After dinner we heard a scratching noise on the front porch, and, looking out, we saw this dog; he had evidently come to stay. We took him in and gave him a nice supper by the stove, for he was half starved and frozen. The next day, not seeing any advertisement in the paper, we decided to adopt him until we could find his owner; so we took him out and introduced him to our other dogs. We then named him "Rover."

Some time after we heard a noise in the garden, and, looking out, saw our dogs chasing a little white rabbit. When Rover saw this he ran into the garden—as we thought, to take a hand in the chase. No; he picked up the rabbit and brought it to us, not hurting it at all. Truly this was a kind deed, for he had never been trained, as far as we knew, for a retriever.



"AN OLD FORGE." BY VIRGINIA LIVINGSTON HUNT, AGE 14.

came to my memory during the last terrible blizzard, which reminded me of the awful sufferings of Napoleon's army in Russia. The doctor was my great-grandfather, whose name I am proud to bear.

HOME.

BY DOROTHY KERR FLOYD
(AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

WHETHER it be in the city,
So busy, noisy, and hot;
Or whether it be in the suburbs,
Or a humble country cot;

Or whether it be in the mountains,
Or close by the swift sea-foam:
The place where are father and
mother—

This place is surely home!



"GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S HIGH CHAIR." BY
THEODORE S. PAUL, AGE 15.

GRANDMA'S HOME.

BY HATTIE MOORE (AGE 10).

WHEN I stay at grandma's,
In April and in May,
There is a little garret
Where I sometimes play.

And in this little garret
Is everything so gay,—
Even to little instruments
On which I sometimes play.

Then there is another place,
A dainty little room,
Where I keep my dollies' furniture,
From bedstead down to broom.

Oh, dear, I wish I lived there!
But what would mama do?
I run on all her errands,
And tend to Baby Lu.

A KIND DEED.

BY AGNES LEE BRYANT (AGE 12).

THE United States has boasted many heroes, and one of the greatest ones, I think, is General Grant.

It was n't his kindness and good will in great things, but in little things.

One day he was riding in command of his army, when suddenly he halted, causing the whole army to swerve aside.

It was afterward found out that the cause was a little ground-sparrow's nest. He had rather put a whole army out of the way than to take a bird's life. I think



"A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY TYROLESE MILESTONE." BY FULVIA VARVARO, AGE 16.

the same thing that was said of Captain Miles Standish may be well said about Grant:

"In battle he had the heart of a lion, but in caring for the sick and wounded he had the heart of a woman."

THE HOME OF MEMORY.

BY MARGUERITE STUART (AGE 17).

How oft, in the twilight that follows the day,
I dream of the home that I knew, far away!
The great world is wide, but there never can be
A spot where the days seem so happy to me.

As I speak, I behold the blue waves of the sea
Before me—so restless, so boundless, so free!
I toss back my head as I feel, even now,
The cool breath of heaven blow fresh o'er my brow.

Again I am counting the waves at my feet,
While the birds fill the air with their melody sweet.
There flowers always blossom, the sun always gleams,
The trees always shadow the home of my dreams.

So, longing, I dream of my home by the sea,
Where life seemed so bright and unclouded to me.
And, no matter where I may happen to roam,
My thoughts still return to the place I called "home."

A KIND ACT.

BY MARY GRAHAM LACY (AGE 13).

THE kindest act I know of was something Mrs. Roosevelt did a few years ago.

When Mr. Roosevelt was made President, I cut out

all the pictures of him and his family I could find in the newspapers and magazines.

One day, while I was playing with them, I lost my picture of Ethel. I was so distressed that father said, in fun, I had better write to Ethel and ask her for a picture. I thought he was in earnest, so I wrote to her. I was just a little girl then, so I first wrote the letter in pencil and then copied it in ink. Mother found the pencil letter a few days ago, and I will copy it here, as it tells the story better than I could remember it now:

"DEAR ETHEL: I am making a collection of your family. I have nine pictures of your father and four of Miss Alice, and I thought I had all; and I stood you up in a row along the paneling in the hall, and I did not know there was a little crack behind it, and you slipped down in the crack. I tried to get you out with a bonnet-pin, but I scratched so much paint off the wall that mama made me stop; so will you please send me a picture of you? For I have looked through all the newspapers I could find, and I can't find any picture of you anywhere, and it spoils my collection of your family not to have any picture of you.

"Faithfully yours,

"MARY GRAHAM LACY."

When I had finished the letter I asked mother if I could send it. She said I could, because she knew I would be so disappointed if she did n't let me, and she thought by the time no picture came I would be more reconciled to my loss.

But about ten days later, to every one's surprise but mine, came a large photograph of Ethel, taken with her mother; and on one corner Mrs. Roosevelt had written, "Ethel Roosevelt and her mother."

I was so delighted I could hardly believe the picture was really mine; and mother said she thought Mrs. Roosevelt must be a very sweet, kind woman, for there were very few persons who would have taken that trouble just to save a little girl from disappointment.



"DANDELIONS." BY ALICE SHIRLEY WILLIS, AGE 16.



"A FANCY FOR MAY." BY HELEN GARDNER WATERMAN, AGE 13.

COMING HOME.

BY RUTH BAGLEY (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

ABOVE the low hills sinks the sun in its glory,
And gilds the plowed fields with its own mellow
light.
The apple-boughs, laden with blossoms, are bending
To greet the bright dewdrops that herald the night.

High up in the tree-top a
robin is singing
His care-free, melodious
farewell to day.
But now twilight deepens, and
clear stars are twinkling,
And shines the pale moon
with its cool silver ray,

Which touches the clouds with
a glimmering whiteness,
As billows are crested with
flecks of bright foam;
And so, in the calm of the early
spring evening,
A lad and his father are go-
ing toward home.

Their cottage, which nestles
upon the broad hillside,
Is cheerily lighted, and
homelike, and warm.
The neat, simple rooms and
the savory supper
Will welcome the two com-
ing home from the farm.

When all is prepared, to the
door goes the mother,
And looks through the dark-
ness, and listens, until
The tinkling of cow-bells is
heard in the valley,
For Laddie is driving the
herd up the hill.

Contentment descends on the heart of the mother,
And joy that at last they may rest from their roam;
For, glad in the knowledge of labor completed,
Her lad and his father are coming toward home.



"MY FAVORITE FANCY." BY MARGARET DOBSON, AGE 16.

MY FRIEND THE SEA.

BY AMABEL JENKS (AGE 8).*

I HAVE a very funny friend,
And he is named the Sea;
He rolls about with bow and bend,
As gentle as can be.

But sometimes he gets very mad,
And then he tears about;
And then I feel quite sad and say,
"He's really quite put out."

A KIND DEED.

BY MARY PEMBERTON NOURSE (AGE 13).

IN writing for the League, it seems to me to be preferable to write, if possible, about those who have taken part in some public event, or who are, for some other reason, known. At any rate, it is delightful to know of the little "kind deeds" done by the men who are everywhere honored.

Late one evening, in the fall of 1862, as the sun was sinking behind the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains, leaving its radiant glow to spread out over the rolling hills and to be reflected in the east, Colonel Murray of the Confederate army came up the broad box-bordered walk which led to his home.

At this time he was not with his command, but was on sick leave; and as it was unsafe for him to stay at home, he had his tent at Foxville, about twenty miles away, sometimes coming to spend a night with his family.

On this occasion he was accompanied by a small body of Federal soldiers who had captured him a few hours before. The scouts who had captured him had taken him to General Patrick of the Federal army, who was now conducting him to his home.

General Patrick and Colonel Murray came up to the porch, where Mrs. Murray was sitting with a friend. Colonel Murray, after greeting them, said:

"Mrs. Murray, allow me to introduce my old friend, General Patrick of the Federal army."

A friendly talk followed; and then General Patrick, about to go, turned to Mrs. Murray and said:

"Madam, I have a favor to ask of you."

"What is it, general?" she asked.

"That you will keep Colonel Murray here as my prisoner."

And, turning to his captive, he said, "Now, Ned, stay at home."

In a few minutes he was galloping away with his men.

This was not the only kindness shown to the Southern colonel by the Northern general; for when Colonel Murray was able to return to his command, at a time when it was almost impossible to make an exchange of prisoners, General Patrick effected his.

One striking thing in this story is the friendship which these West Point men held for each other, although their sense of duty had called them to opposite sides of our great civil struggle.

MY LITTLE HOME.

BY SUSAN WARREN WILBUR (AGE 12).

It stands where western prairies sweep a thousand acres o'er,
'Mid autumn's waving grasses far as eye can see and more,—

The only patch of woodland for many a weary mile,—
The sweetest little farm-house, the quaintest country stile.

'T is a perfect little homestead,
With clamb'ring rose and vine,
And a forest dense behind it—
This little home of mine.

The birds, those happy songsters, sing their myriad melodies
From joyous little nests within the lofty forest trees.
Inside this little farm-house the hours like moments fly—

Before the springtime 's reached us, the summer 's passing by.

But 't is not the waving prairies,
Nor nature's joys that twine,
It is love that makes me cherish
This little home of mine.

A KIND DEED.

BY THODA COCKROFT (AGE 13).

THE sea was rough, and no wonder, for 't was the winter month of November. Many a wave had washed the decks of the steamship *St. Paul* as slowly, day by day, it made its way toward New York.

I had been seasick during the rough weather, and lay in my berth on this certain morning. My mother entered and asked if I had heard about the Russian-Jew baby that was born in the steerage. "Really!" I exclaimed; "a baby born in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean!"

One gentleman said he thought we ought to do something for it.

So it was agreed that all who would should give a dollar to little "Paul," as we said the baby should be named, after the ship.

The money was collected, seventy dollars in all, and a Russian baron was asked to take it down, as he was the only one that could speak the mother's language. He took with him a wrapper that a lady had sent to the poor mother,

and some clothes for the little baby. A great many accompanied him.

We made our way down into the steerage. Dirty men of all nationalities crowded around us, curious to know why so many cabin passengers were down there. We were told that the mother was not there, and were led to a clean little hospital room, where lay the mother with her little red baby.

The baron gave her the money, told her how much it was, and whom it was for.

The mother was overwhelmed with joy. She grabbed the baron's hand and tried to kiss it, but the baron drew back. Then



"MY FAVORITE FANCY." BY SARA D. BURGE, AGE 15.

she grabbed the hand of the man who stood next. That was all. But that little baby, through the kindness of the passengers, did not come into America a pauper.

WINTER EVENINGS AT HOME.

BY PHYLLIS BROOKS (AGE 13).

At home, when evening shadows fall,
We listen to the north wind's call;
With curtains drawn, and bright lamp lit,
Around the cheerful fire we sit.

We do not care for howling storm
If we are happy, safe, and warm.
The kitten, "Fluff," purrs on her mat
Without a thought of mouse or rat.

Our mother reads us fairy-tales,
And as the firelight dims and pales

We hear about King Arthur's knights,
Of noble deeds and splendid fights.

And as we watch the ruddy fire,
The sprightly flames leap high and higher;
We do not care the world to roam,
When mother reads to us at home.



"A FANCY FOR MAY." BY JESSIE C. SHAW, AGE 17.



"A TAILPIECE FOR MAY." BY ISABEL G. HOWELL, AGE 14.

NOTICE.

Members should remember that, owing to preparation for Commencement Examinations and Vacation Season, the May Competitions close five days earlier than usual.

MY PRAIRIE HOME.

BY JESSICA N. NORTH (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

THE roses open with the day
Outside my cottage door;
They drop the dewdrop jewels gay
That all night long they wore.

The first pink rays of morning light
That o'er the prairie fall
Light up the blossoms red and white
Along the eastern wall.

The breezes, laden with perfume,
Over my garden sweep
In through the window of my room,
To wake me from my sleep.

My lovely, lovely prairie home!
No marble palace fine,
With lofty spire, and gilded dome,
Could hold such charms as thine.

Give me my quiet prairie home,—
I ask for nothing more,—
My little prairie cottage
With the roses at the door.



BY ELLA E. PRESLOE, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE HOME OF BEAUTY.

BY EMMELINE BRADSHAW (AGE 13).

(Honor Member.)

THE hills are bright with sunset hue,
The river's voice is hushed and still;
The brilliance 'gainst the evening blue
Shines forth in light from hill to hill.
O home of beauty, chaste and fair,
The flow'r-clad mountains scent thy air!

The sun is set, the moon's soft light
Doth bathe the fell with fairy sheen;
And elfin spirits of the night
In magic rings salute their queen.
O home of beauty, chaste and fair,
The moonbeams light thy silv'ry air!



"MY FAVORITE FANCY." BY RAY SAPP, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

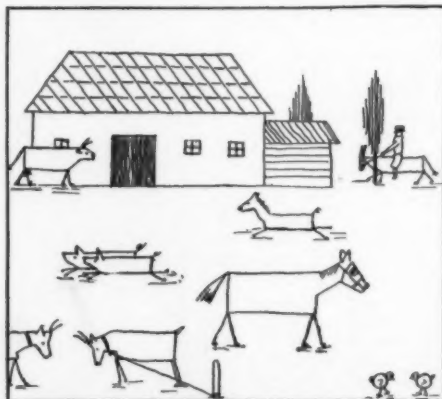
The dawn is rising rosy-red,
The river's breast is turn'd to gold;
The shepherd's song rings overhead,
The moon is dimm'd by morning cold.
O home of beauty, chaste and fair,
Your glory greets the perfum'd air!

BABY'S HOME.

BY ALMA C. JONES (AGE 12).

BABY's home is in a cot;
All night long tucked up he stays;
You see, he's such a little tot
That he does not know our ways.

He has not yet received a name,
So he is always called the Baby;
But he will have one just the same,
And in but a few days, maybe.



"MY FAVORITE FANCY." BY HAROLD SHEFFIELD VAN BUREN, JR., AGE 7. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY RICHARD A. REDDY, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

HOME FROM THE CRUSADE!

BY MARGARET STUART BROWNE (AGE 15).

My prowess won me far renown:

Full many a knight I overthrew,

In lists of battlemented town,

Or on the desert, bare and brown,

Roofed only by the eternal blue.

The victor's laurels here I hold:

No infidel has scarred my shield,

Undinted is its carven gold;

My banner showed its crimson fold

In many a glorious field!

Now I return with joy and pride:

In yonder ivied castle tower

My lady-love doth patient bide;

I hasten to my beauteous bride,

My glorious English flower!

How oft of her I dreamt, when far!

By desert pool, and Moslem dome,

I prayed for her, 'neath sun and star;

But now how glad my prayers are,

I come to her—and home!

HOME.

BY LELAND G. HENDRICKS (AGE 13).

I STOOD where Pleasure reigned as queen;

Sweet music filled the air;

I saw gay throngs, as in a dream,

And joy was everywhere,—

Yet 't was not home.

VOL. XXXII.—84.

I stood beneath a palace dome,
The dwelling-place of kings,
Where Luxury had built her throne,
And every wish took wings,—
But 't was not home.

I stood upon a lowly hearth,
Blest greatly from above
With sweet content, best gift of earth,
And simple peace and love,—
And this was home.

LETTERS.

It has been reported that one of the wild-bird pictures (March) labeled "Coot" should have been called a cormorant.

Now the League editor is not especially versed in coot and cormorant lore, and has to rely a good deal on the contributor's knowledge in these matters; but it is quite certain that a coot would feel offended to find himself labeled a cormorant, and vice versa. Hence it is to be hoped that the members of this multifarious and diversified family will be properly designated as often as possible, for the League ought not to get into any family quarrels with any of the numerous swimmers and divers, so many of whom have been long our faithful friends.

BAY CITY, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is now exactly two weeks and one day since my eighteenth birthday. I wanted to write and tell you of this sooner, but my eyes were bad; and, besides, I had several other important things on my mind. To-day, however, as I am alone, I will take the opportunity to thank you again for the beautiful gold badge which you sent me a year ago in June, and to say good-by. ST. NICHOLAS, I have been a member of the League for about three years, and during all that time

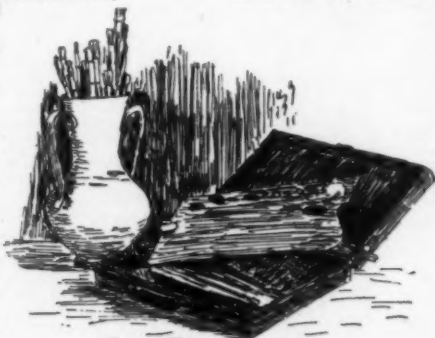
I have sent in only a very few contributions; I have not been as faithful as I should have been, and as I really intended to be, but I loved you none the less for that.

The gates are now closed upon me and I am left out in the cold, cold world; but may I not sometimes return,—may I not sometimes linger here outside the gates and look in upon the happy fields where I played in my childhood? Grant me this one wish, dear ST. NICHOLAS. And now, farewell!

Your old friend,

HILDA VAN EMSTER.

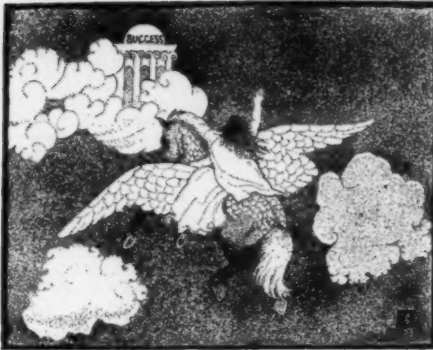
Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Lois Campbell Douglas, Madge Oakley, Laura M. Thomas, Francis Marion Miller, James M. Walker, Harry W. Hazard, Jr., Marjorie Soper, Arnold H. Bateman, Josephine Swain, Beth Baxter, Gladys S. Chamberlain, Eleanor Moore, Caro Kingman, Sybil Kent-Stone, Katherine Rutan Neumann, Dorothy Ochtman, Will Byrnes, Norine B. Keating, Fred E. Burger, Clarice Barry, Christine Schoff, Rosa Gahn, Frank P. O'Brien, Eliza Maclean Figgott, G. H. Kaemmerling, Ethel Dickson, and Martin Janowitz.



"MY FAVORITE FANCY." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 12. (HONOR MEMBER.)



"A HEADING FOR MAY." BY CHARLOTTE WAUGH, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



"MY FAVORITE FANCY." BY ELIZABETH OTIS,
AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Harold R. Norris
Helen Van Dyck
France Lubbe Ross
Eleanor Johnson
John Guy Gilpatrick
Theresa Sniffin Leshar
Adelaide Nichols
Eleanor S. Wilson
Marguerite Sanderson
Wilbur K. Bates
Olive Mudie Cooke
Helen Leslie Follans-
bee
Margaret A. Brownlee
Nannie B. Nelson
Dorothy Schmidt
Maud Dudley Shackel-
ford

Agnes Churchill Lacy
Delia Alden Smith
Dorothy Gibson
Nannie Clark Barr
Dorothy McL. Yorke
Ethel Mitchell Dickson
Essex Cholmondeley
Catharine H. Straker
Constance Smith
Alice Blaine Damrosch
Frances Morrissey
Julia S. Ball
Russell B. Livermore
Jeanie Knowles
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Delphina L. Hammer

VERSE 2.

Marion Eleanor Lane
Clement R. Wood
Lester Jay Reynolds
Arthur Albert Myers
Helen Thayer
Marjorie R. Peck
Ruth Greenoak Lyon
Louisa F. Spear
Marguerite M. Jacque
Twila A. McDowell
Gladys Nelson
Margaret Eugenie Ste-
vens
Daisy Errington Bret-
tell
Elizabeth R. Marvin
Mary Winslow
Mary M. Dabney
Ruth M. Haggood

PROSE 1.

Edith J. Minaker
Gladys M. Manchester
Constance Buell
Marion C. Stuart
Susan J. Appleton
Helen Wyman
Kathryn Johnstone
Josephine E. Swain
Miss Lucia Beebe
Marie Armstrong
Eleanor R. Chapin
Lucile D. Wooding
Grace Leslie Johnston
Theresa R. Robbins
Hannah R. Glover
Dorothy Coffin
Margaret Brooke
Ralph Harrison
Gracie Conner

PROSE 2.

Camille Adams
Margaret Hudson
Dorothy Goldthwait
Thayer
Margaret Spahr
Theda Kenyon
Isabel Weaver
Ruth Adler
Charles Thorburn van
Buren
Charlotte Brinsmade
Percy V. Pennybacker
Elaine Sterne
Roy Howard Arms
J. Dunham Townsend
John L. Taylor

Mary C. Fuller
Eleanor Moore
Lucy K. Browning
Arthur N. Nehf
Helen Hodgman
Alice Schiff
Ruth E. Wilson
Dorothy Butes
Ruth Fisher
Mary Louise Smith
Lois Lovejoy
Irene Rose Weil
Gwendolen Gray Perry
Dorothy Stanion
Kenneth Dorrien
Junetta Stephen
Gwendolen Tugman
Cornelia R. Hinkley
Volant Vashon Ballard
Abby Duming
William Wehage
Hilda S. Boeghold
Ida Randerlock
Muriel Bennett
Edith Carey Owens
Ivy Varian Walshe
Maysie Regan
Ethel Berrian
Mildred Newman
Frank Bechtel
Vincent Imbrie
Sylvana Blumer
Ruth Pennybacker
Josephine Freund
Eugene Powdermaker
Helen E. Bartlett

DRAWINGS 1.

Vera Demens
Melville C. Levey
Archibald MacKinnon
Hugh Spencer
Helen M. Brown
Kathleen Buchanan
Nancy Barnhart
I. J. Discher
Phoebe Hunter
Robert Edmand Jones
Sidney Moise
Ruth Collins
Frank P. O'Brien
Dorothy Adams
Katherine Dulcebella
Barbour
Sasito Aroz
Oscar Schmidt

Elise Donaldson
Florence Gardiner
Richard F. Babcock
John Andrew Ross
Margery Bradshaw
Clifford Jackson
Cordner H. Smith
Clinton Brown
Roy Chapman
Genevieve A. Ross
C. Hart Bradley
S. Davis Otis
Emily W. Browne

DRAWINGS 2.

Evelyn Buchanan
Roger K. Lane
Lucy B. Mackenzie
Phyllis Ottman
Everard McAvoy
Ruth Mauser
Alberta A. Heinmüller
Wesley R. DeLappe
Carrie May Jordan
Ralph M. Foster
Helen Stafford
Kate Sprague De Wolf
Mary Ellen Willard
Mark Curtis Kinney
Morton Newburger
Marion H. Tutthill
William Byrnes
Lillie Lemp
Everett Williamson
Genevieve A. Ledger-
wood
Eather Parker
Leonie Nathan
Gladys L'Estrange
Mary Hazeline Few-
smith
Alice Whitton
Ewing Amos
Marcia Hoyt
Katharine A. Page
Katherine M. Keeler
Anita Moffett
William W. Westring,
Jr.
Irving Beach
Margaret W. Peck
Mervyn Joy
Claudia Paxton Old
Mary Williams Bliss
Aline Macdonald
D. Merrill
Mildred Andrus
Harriett Bradley
Louise Garst
Beatrice Darling
Jeannette Dair Gray
Katharine N. Rice
Ethel Meservy
Herman L. Schaffer
Bessie Shields
Mary Yadowsky
Rebecca Newcomb
Roy E. Hutchinson
L. Fred Clawson
Elinor Colby
Marion Shumway
Julius Fay
Josephine Holloway
Ivan Black
Rivington Pyne
Margaret B. Richard-
son
Frances Jeffery
Alan Adams
Helen Allen
Lucy B. Scott
Mary A. Jones
Alice Noble
Eric Cushman
Eather F. Aird
Carolyn Williams
Katharine Havens
Mary Falconer
Amy O. Bradley
Mildred E. Williams
Robert A. Heustis
William C. Engle

Katharine Duer Irving
Margaret Lantz Dan-
iell
Louise Risher
Marian Walter
Walter Heller
Marion Fitch
Marian Wright
Mary Klauder
Stanley T. Curran
Robert H. Gibson
Stephanie Balderston
Jack O. Melvency
Flora Shen
John Comly White
Sarah Lippincott
Lawrence Cowi
Margaret B. Wood
Rachel Wyse
Walter Burton Nourse
William M. Bayne
Katharine Marshall
Hattie Cheney
Helen Baker
Edwards Adams Rich-
ardson
Ella Hotelling Tan-
berg
Agnes Hayne
Edward T. Willard
Rosamond Cadman
Eleanor Keeler
Alice Trimble
Janet Dexter
Clinton Brown
M. Harrison
W. R. Wilson
Tom Brown
Ethel Irwin
Grace F. Slack

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Evangeline G.
Combes
John D. More
Dorothy R. Halkett
C. H. Pangburn
William Warfield
Ralph L. Bell
Caroline Dudley
Helen Johnson
Cornelius Cannon
Granville L. Williams
Joseph S. Webb
Dorothy Hungerford
Robert Edward Fith-
ian
Everett Mitchell
Kathleen Brown
Albert L. Schoff
Madison Dyer
W. Caldwell Webb
Robert S. Treat
Marian Rowe
John Catch
Morris Douglas
Margaret Wilkins
Clarence A. Manning
Alice du Pont
Anna Clark Buchanan
Lawrence Day
George Grady, Jr.
E. D. Wall
Frederic C. Smith
Isadore Douglas
Constance L. Bottom-
ley
Amy Peabody
George Ashley Long,
Jr.
Helen D. Long
Dorothea da Ponte
Williams

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Kenneth Horner
G. Huntington Wil-
liam, Jr.
George Mastick, Jr.
William C. Wright, Jr.
Miles W. Weeks



"MY FAVORITE
FANCY." BY LYLLIE
FRANK, AGE 14.

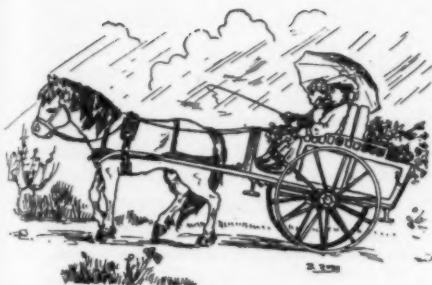
Bradley Z. Coley
Piero Colonna
Robert S. Platt
Donald Armour
Mary R. Paul
John B. Lowry
Edward Harper Lasell
J. Gordon Fletcher
Barbara O. Benjamin
Marjorie C. Newell
Dorothy Weir
Arthur H. Wilson
Harold Fay

PUZZLES 1.

Henry Morgan Brooks
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
John Farr Simons
Leonard Barrett
Mildred W. Weston
Isabel Wenver
Elizabeth Bead Berry
Isadore Douglas
Leslie Spencer
Julia Dorsey Musser
C. D. Tait
Terry B. Martin
Grace E. Moore
James B. Diggs
Irwin S. Joseph
Arthur Kubeck
Edmund P. Shaw
Agnes R. Lane
Fred E. Berger

PUZZLES 2.

Esther Jackson
Eleanor L. Halpin
Mary Parker



"MAY." BY BEN ROTH, AGE 15.

Frances Carrington
Bruce Simonds

Edward A. Niles
T. Burdick Frank

Isabel Creighton
Beatrice F. Cockle

LEAGUE NOTES.

THE "Canadian Youth" is a little paper devoted "to boys, their sports and hobbies." It is published by Frank O. Mortley and C. B. Whitney of Toronto, Canada, and is a creditable amateur sheet. It opens with an interesting story, and is neat and workman-like in appearance.

Florence C. Clark, Willoughby, Ohio, and Edith Helmcken, 23 Langley Street, Victoria, B.C., wish to exchange postal cards.

Edna Behre asks, "Do you ever write us about our contributions?"

Not often. The task would be too great. Now and then, when something of very unusual merit has been received, which for one reason or another could not be used, the editor has written to explain why. But it would be impossible to criticize contributions after the manner of school work. The League is a great comparative school, and the benefit is gained by comparing one's work with the work of others, and in trying to understand and to rectify the shortcomings.



"MY FAVORITE FANCY." BY MARY STEWART CLAFIN, AGE 5.

Elsie F. Weil wishes to say that her age is 15 and not 14 as set down with her story published in the March issue. Well, perhaps it was the printer, perhaps it was the editor, perhaps it may even have been Elsie herself who did not write perfectly plainly. Let us all blame it on one another and be happy—and charitable.

H. T. T. and others write that they have lost their prize badges and would like them replaced. This cannot be done. A badge once lost is like any other treasure. It is gone. Replacing prize badges would eventually lead to complications and trouble. Take care.

of your badges, once earned. The earning is hard enough to make the winner very careful.

Edna Mead and others ask, "How should MSS. be addressed when sent to magazines in the regular way?"

Simply, "Editor of the Magazine, City, State." The MS. should bear the author's address and number of words, just as if prepared for the League, omitting only the age and indorsement. It is one object of the League rules to teach the young writer and artist how to prepare their work for the editor.

The words "Honor Member," in connection with any contribution, mean that the contributor has already won a gold or cash prize.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 68.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 67 will close May 15 (for foreign members May 20). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for August.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Waves."



"SPRING." BY MARJORIE NEWCOMB WILSON, AGE 12.

Prose. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "A Funny Incident."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Playground."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Study of Foliage" (from life) and a Heading or Tailpiece for August.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but only one. Address:

The St. Nicholas
League,
Union Square,
New York.



"TAILPIECE." BY HUGH CHRIST, AGE 14.

BOOKS AND READING.

OLD FRIENDS IN NEW DRESS. It is a charming thing about books that they have the power of appearing in more than one character without ceasing to be the same. To find a story one has read in some unadorned Quaker-like edition, presented anew in the gala costume of fine binding, broad margins, and appropriate illustrations, is to renew acquaintance with an old friend grown prosperous without becoming distant. And it is one of the benefits of making friends with the best books that they are ever appearing in some new and taking garb. To replace your battered copy by a better copy is not an act of disloyalty, since the soul of the volume remains the same.

MILESTONES ON THE ROAD TO LEARNING. To see whether one makes progress there must be a point from which to measure. If you row out into a lake during a thick fog, you will find it hard to tell either how fast you are moving, or what point you have reached. For this reason it is well to re-read some book you liked a few years ago, and to see whether you are a person of the same tastes and opinions as you were during the earlier reading. The result may be very pleasant. You may find you are not only older, but that you have learned much and advanced in wisdom; for, of course, the book does not change. But do not be discouraged if you can see no change in your liking for the book; it may be that the volume chosen is one that is "not of an age, but for all time."

The same test may be used in one's school-work; going over old text-books will often make a boy or girl understand how much has been gained since the familiar volumes were studied. Let us recommend this to the discouraged.

A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. ONE of the most helpful books to keep upon your table, ready to be consulted as you read other books, is a biographical dictionary. Then, when you come to some historical character about whom your knowledge is a little faded, it will require but a moment to refresh your memory and make your reading more intelligent. You have a right to the acquaintance of these

distinguished men and women, and should keep up at least friendly relations with them, if for no other reason than in gratitude for what they have done to make your life pleasant.

FIRST AND SECOND TIMES OF READING. IN reading good poetry or well-written prose it is a good plan to go straight through, to make sure that the main story is well understood. Then, if your interest is great enough to make you wish for more information, read the notes, introductions, comments, and explanations during a second and more minute reading. All the best literature has been carefully studied by men well fitted for the work, who have told us whatever is necessary to a full understanding of the authors' meaning. One of the advantages of Sunday-school work is in learning how much is necessary to be known before one may be sure of having fully comprehended a passage in the Scriptures. In the same way, a college education is valuable chiefly in teaching one how to study.

"GETTING INTO SOCIETY." THE question of making the right friends is very important to us all, and we should all try to know the very best society open to us. The most distinguished society in the whole world, that containing the noblest, wisest, and most interesting men and women of all ages, invites you to its company within the covers of books. And you do not have to make their acquaintance by chance, for they are all known and valued for you. What shall we think, then, of the girl or boy who will not take the trouble to seek these friends?—to invite them to dwell in the home and become daily companions?

You may be sure that the great authors are *all* worth knowing. Which will become your most intimate chums no one can tell; but do not make the mistake of thinking they did not write to please you, or that because a book is by a great man it must be obscure—hard to understand. The contrary is most likely. Because of his simplicity, largely, Homer is thought by many the greatest of all poets. The Hebrew prophets in the Bible are as simple in speech as

they are grand in thought, powerful in language and imagery.

Coming to our own day, have you ever read Tennyson's story of the "Sleeping Beauty," and noted its simple language? Here is the breaking of the charm :

A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt,
There rose a noise of striking clocks,
And feet that ran, and doors that clapt,
And barking dogs, and crowing cocks;
A fuller light illumined all,
A breeze through all the garden swept,
A sudden hubbub shook the hall,
And sixty feet the fountain leapt.

All of you young lovers of fairy-stories who know the romance of that old legend should read Tennyson's telling of the story—and then you will read more of Tennyson, to your lasting enjoyment and betterment.

FLY-LEAF MEMORANDA.

EVERY now and then you will find in some periodical an item relating to the subject of a book in which you are interested. It is a good plan to enter on the fly-leaf a reference to this passage, so that you may find it again when needed. Such notes neatly written in pencil do no harm, and will often save you much time. You may in the same way make notes of the numbers of pages in which you have been specially interested. A correspondent writes to us, asking whether we recommend "marking books." To this extent we certainly do, provided the book is not so fine an edition that it should be kept as spotless as can be. Besides, *very light* pencil notes can be removed in a moment without harm to any page. But the marking of books that extends to disfiguring them will never be done by any one who realizes how long a good book may continue to delight new readers, and to bring them help in right living and thinking.

HOW ABOUT YOUR BOOK-PLATES are always SCHOOL-BOOKS? interesting; won't some of our readers let us see what designs they have adopted? If there were no other reason for having a book-plate, it would be worth while as a neat and harmless way of marking property. Have any of you ever seen a school-book with the owner's name scrawled on both covers, all over the fly-leaves, and in half a dozen other

places where the clear, white, unsoiled paper would have been far more attractive? You need not keep your school-books in boxes lined with cotton; but—why throw them into any odd corner, or use them as if they were riatas? They are books, after all, and many of the modern text-books are excellent pieces of book-making—some of the editions of Cæsar and Virgil, for example, are good enough to merit a place on your library shelves. Or, if you don't care for them yourselves, give them to some other student, and help to educate another boy or girl. One wishes at times that some of the old scholars of the Middle Ages could come to life again for the purpose of seeing how plentiful in our day are the volumes that were once so highly treasured. In some schools pupils are fortunately taught how this has come about, and to appreciate the true use and worth of the store of learning now everywhere available.

"IF I HAD TIME."

THE month of May is near enough to vacation to make plans for the days when you may dispose of your own time more freely. "If I had time" ceases to be a good excuse in the summer months for many of you. Won't you arrange to read, this summer, that book you have always "meant to read" when you had time?

A BOOK AND ITS ARMOR.

IN the modern method of binding books there is one weak point, and the owner should bear this in mind. The joining of the pasteboard cover to the leaves is very likely to give way if the book is not properly cared for, and if it once begins to separate there, its early destruction is sure. Therefore be careful not to force the cover down flat, nor to let the book fall. The covering case is the book's armor against the accidents of its life, and should be carefully preserved. Once loose in the cover, the weight of the leaves soon wears out the joining. A good workman being known by the condition in which he keeps his tools, a lover of books should take pride in keeping his mental weapons ready for easy use. Putting on workaday coats of stout paper is an excellent plan in the case of all books often handled. There are several sorts of adjustable covers for sale by all stationers, and these are made of good strong material and make excellent overalls.

THE LETTER-BOX.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Have any of your readers ever seen a little dog with a broken leg which is tied up in a splint? I send to you his picture, which is very interesting, but at the same time sad. As soon as his leg



BILLY.

was broken we took him down to the veterinary hospital, where they set his leg. Afterward we had to carry him around for three weeks before his leg got well. He could hobble about on a level, but not go up and down stairs. He was four months old when it happened, and his name is "Billy."

Your sincere reader,
SOPHY BISPHAM (age 9).

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS,

Dear Madam: In looking over some old letters recently I found a number from the late Frank Stockton, which brought to mind that I was a contributor to ST. NICHOLAS back somewhere in the seventies. The boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS then are middle-aged men and women now, and I wonder whether the boys and girls of the present time appreciate ST. NICHOLAS as highly as the juveniles did twenty-five years ago. One of the boys of that time told his aunt the other day what this periodical was to him when he was a little country boy living on an isolated farm situated on the highest point of the State, having but little society, few books, and without a library, even of the Sunday-school sort in a primitive community. As a Christmas gift his aunt subscribed to ST. NICHOLAS for him, and for three or four years he looked forward to the monthly feast of good things that never failed to come on time. The nearest post-office was four miles away, and if a neighbor

going to the village did not bring him the precious parcel, he traveled eight miles to get it! After he had finished, his brothers enjoyed the undiminished feast, and then passed it along to other hungry boys who had no generous city aunt.

At length a time came when he waited in vain for dear ST. NICHOLAS, and it was Christmas-time, too. Perhaps there was a delay of the mail. The snow was deep and heavy, and everything was snowed except the great high hill he lived upon. Christmas passed without its usual cheer: something very dear to the boy's heart was lacking, and, alas! the lack was never made up to him, though, encouraged by that same aunt, the country boy went to college and got his degree.

"Oh, my dear boy, why did you not write and tell me how much ST. NICHOLAS was to you?" said the aunt after her nephew had told his story, the half of which has not been told here.

"I could n't, I felt so wretched; I simply could n't say anything of what I felt," he replied. Now, I hope that if there are any city aunts subscribing to ST. NICHOLAS for their young country nephews they will keep up the subscription indefinitely and thereby escape the regret of

Yours sincerely,

ANNIE E. DE FRIESE.

MADRID, SPAIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for five years and like you very much. My favorite tales are "Quicksilver Sue," "King Arthur," "Queen Zixi of Ix," Nature and Science, etc. I have a horse called "Plata" (Silver), two little white Galfal birds, two very tame canaries and thrushes. We have a country house, which formerly belonged to the Dukes of Osuna. It is a lovely place.

We (my brothers, age 12 and another age 4) have our own little gardens. The 27th of November, a Sunday, it snowed all night, and in the morning a white carpet of snow covered the ground, such as Madrid has not seen since the winter of 1866. We snowballed (for the first time) and amused ourselves immensely. All the telegraph posts fell down.

Yours truly,
IGNACIO BAUER (age 14).

BAY CITY, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought that I would write you a letter, as I have never seen one from Bay City before. My grandma gave you to me for a Christmas present for two years, and my father has given you to me for a year. I enjoy reading you very much; so do my mother and my father.

The stories that I like to read are "Denise and Ned Toodles," "Elinor Arden, Royalist," and "How Two Dorothys Ran Away from the British." I also like to read the stories and poems in the League department. I have tried to write something, and I got my name in the Roll of Honor.

Last summer I went away to visit, and on my way home I stopped at Niagara Falls. I saw Goat Island, Three Sister Islands, and Luna Island. It is a wonderful place.

Hoping my letter is not too long, I remain,

Your sincere reader,

DOROTHY DUNNING (age 11).

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

GEOGRAPHICAL SQUARES. I. 1. Durand. 2. Verdun. 3. Orkney. 4. Calais. 5. Manila. 6. Punjab. II. 1. Berlin. 2. Posen. 3. Leslie. 4. Moscow. 5. Jordan. 6. Norway. III. 1. Balkan. 2. Soudan. 3. Japan. 4. Fulton. 5. Yellow. 6. Selwyn. IV. 1. Nantua. 2. Baikal. 3. Hebron. 4. Madrid. 5. Saugus. 6. Merced. V. 1. Nippon. 2. Kenton. 3. Baglen. 4. Haynau. 5. Persia. 6. Corrib.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. "Nicholas Nickleby" and "David Copperfield." Cross-words: 1. London. 2. Signal. 3. Active. 4. Behind. 5. Sounds. 6. Lactic. 7. Parrot. 8. Vesper. 9. Sanpan. 10. Sinner. 11. Copper. 12. Skiff. 13. Saline. 14. Regret. 15. Emblem. 16. Synoda.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Best. 2. Each. 3. Ache. 4. Then. II. 1. Here. 2. Enow. 3. Rope. 4. Ewer. III. 1. Peal. 2. Ergo. 3. Aged. 4. Lode.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from William B. Hart—Frances Hunter—Nina H. Weiss—E. Adelaide Hahn—Gladys Cherryman—William Munford Baker—Emily F. Burton—J. Alfred Lynd—"Chuck"—"Katiegum"—Grace Haren—Florence DuBois—Mildred C. Jones—Jo and I—"Alibi and Adi"—Marguerite Hyde—Katharine Whitney—Elizabeth D. Lord—Dorothy Rutherford—Paul R. Deschere—Nessie and Freddie—Neil A. Cameron—Francis M. Weston, Jr.—Marjorie Mullins.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from M. Reid, 1—R. Dechart, 1—L. Clark, 1—M. M. McKinney, 1—T. Betts, 1—E. Philips, 1—M. Rupprecht, 1—R. Williams, 1—P. R. Zimmele, 1—S. Thorndike, 1—Frederica R. Mead, 7—W. F. Cooper, 1—M. McCulloch, 1—R. Rose, 1—F. Hayes, 1—L. M. Williams, 1—Elsie Nathan, 6—R. C. Hammer, 1—J. Bruce, 1—R. H. Gaul, 1—M. F. Pierson, 1—Dorothy Fisher, 4—L. Holberg, 1—E. Lambkin, 1—William Chauvenet, 3—Ella J. Sands, 6—William H. Bartlett, 7—J. Rogers, 1—H. Rogers, 1—P. Erben, 1—E. Heald, 1—G. Cleveland, 1—E. Gnaedinger, 1—D. M. Fargo, 1—Caroline Ray Servin, 7—P. Cohen, 1—Lois Treadwell, 6—E. Fox, 1—R. Watson, 1—S. Miller, 1—S. Moczygemba, 1—M. Cooke, Jr., 1—K. and C. Newbold, 3—M. Dimond, 1—S. J. Lawellin, 1—D. Cathell, 1—E. M. Warden, 1—Elizabeth Mors, 7—M. McCall, 1—R. Tinker, 1—R. B. Thomas, 1—Two Little Maids, 5—E. Nelson, 1—John Orth, 4—Marian A. Smith, 7—No Name, Hackensack, 6—Mary E. Askew, 6—J. Shapiro, 1—Florence Goldman, 4—E. Nicol, 1—E. Bunnell, 1—E. F. Oswald, 1—J. Crystal, 1—Benjamin L. Miller, 7—Harriet Bingham, 5—B. Snowden, 1—St. Gabriel's Chapter, 6—Emily Smith, 6—Carl Philippi, 5—M. L. Powell, 1—G. Lincoln, 1—D. T. Graves, 1—Jeannie R. Sampson, 7—P. S. Lambe, 1—André Mante, 5.

CONCEALED NAMES.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ONE feminine name is concealed in each couplet.

- Do not deface or mar yon wall;
'T will mischief make, both spring and fall.
- I win if Redway will play fair;
If not, to win I do not care.
- Here 's some real ice which came from the lake,
Three feet by five feet—a nice cold cake.
- She lent me a dollar, bright and new;
She is not a cheat and her faults are few.
- Oh, do, Rastus, stop that noise;
Seems to me you 're naughty boys.
- Cousin Ed, it had a roar
Louder than a big, wild boar.
- "I am, you are, thou art,"
Sang little Billy Hart.
- When France sold to us the wide, wide West,
We bought it right quick, and now see 't was best.

CATHARINE E. JACKSON.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly beheaded and curtailed, the four remaining letters may (sometimes) be rearranged so as to form a word. When these sixteen new words have been written one below another, the final letters will spell the name of a great general. Example: Behead and curtail scribbles, and make to weary. Answer, w-rite-s, tire.

1. Behead and curtail to alter, and leave to suspend.

MULTIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Pompey, Cicero, Caesar; alpaca, monkey, ocelot. — **CHARADE.** Ma-lay.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Easter-tide. 1. Curent, err. 2. Le-adi-ng, aid. 3. In-ste-ad, set. 4. Co-ri-a-in, tar. 5. Sa-dne-as, end. 6. Su-gar-ed, rag. 7. Co-nu-in, tan. 8. An-gie-nt, ice. 9. Ba-ndi-to, din. 10. Ac-rea-ge, car.

A ZIGZAG. Martin Frobisher. Cross-words: 1. Moisture. 2. Basilisk. 3. Terminal. 4. Ecstatic. 5. Palliate. 6. Renowned. 7. Handcuff. 8. Reporter. 9. Doubloon. 10. Culpable. 11. Nautilus. 12. Forsaken. 13. Inherent. 14. Lemonade. 15. Rambling.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. Keats, Lamia. Cross-words: 1. Keel. 2. Peat. 3. Atom. 4. Stir. 5. Soda.

2. Behead and curtail articles used in school, rearrange, and make a story.
3. Behead and curtail an angle, rearrange, and make the name of a wicked emperor.
4. Behead and curtail a certain fruit, rearrange, and make another fruit.
5. Behead and curtail fetches, and leave a circle.
6. Behead and curtail a human being, rearrange, and make a lovely flower.
7. Behead and curtail certain joints of the body, rearrange, and make a sudden calamity.
8. Behead and curtail a moderate gallop, rearrange, and make a volcano in Sicily.
9. Behead and curtail a reply, rearrange, and make fresh tidings.
10. Behead and curtail a king around whose name many legends cluster, rearrange, and make a book of the Bible.
11. Behead and curtail active, rearrange, and make one of the sons of Jacob.
12. Behead and curtail a comrade, rearrange, and make part of a harness.
13. Behead and curtail to hire, rearrange, and make a squad.
14. Behead and curtail greatly, rearrange, and make a common seasoning.
15. Behead and curtail beaches, rearrange, and make a very brave man.
16. Behead and curtail certain nuts, and leave a grain.

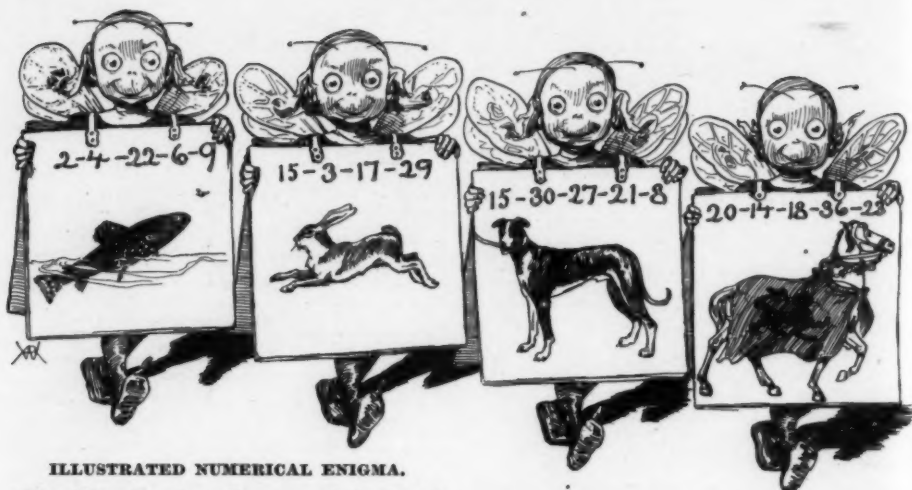
FANNIE TUTWILER.

A CARGO OF TEA.

EXAMPLE: Take tea from a snare, and leave a blow. Answer, T-rap.

1. Take tea from a piece of furniture, and leave qualified.
2. Take tea from a legend, and leave a beverage.
3. Take tea from a money-box, and leave sick.
4. Take tea from a sharp pain, and leave a fireside.
5. Take tea from labor, and leave to lubricate.
6. Take tea from to drill, and leave a downpour.
7. Take tea from a cord, and leave a beverage.
8. Take tea from a quick pull, and leave a wizard.
9. Take tea from part of a wheel, and leave wrath.
10. Take tea from sour, and leave science.
11. Take tea from disloyalty, and leave sense.

ANGUS M. BERRY.

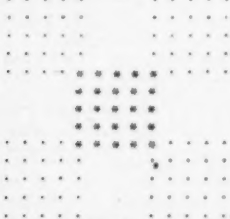


ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. When the eight objects have been rightly guessed, and the letters set down in the order given, the thirty-six letters will form a proverb.

CONNECTED SQUARES.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



- I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A lid. 2. A tropical fruit. 3. Crimes. 4. Incident. 5. Reposes.
 II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To depart.

2. A joint in the body. 3. To diminish. 4. One who votes. 5. Pitchers.

- III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A gardening implement. 2. Makes a low and continued murmur. 3. Tapestry. 4. A play. 5. A trial.

- IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The capital of Holland. 2. A deputy. 3. A genius. 4. A confederacy. 5. Short jackets.

- V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Often heard at foot-ball games. 2. Neither more nor less. 3. Riches. 4. Big. 5. Frozen rain.

EDNA KROUSEAGE.

CHARADE.

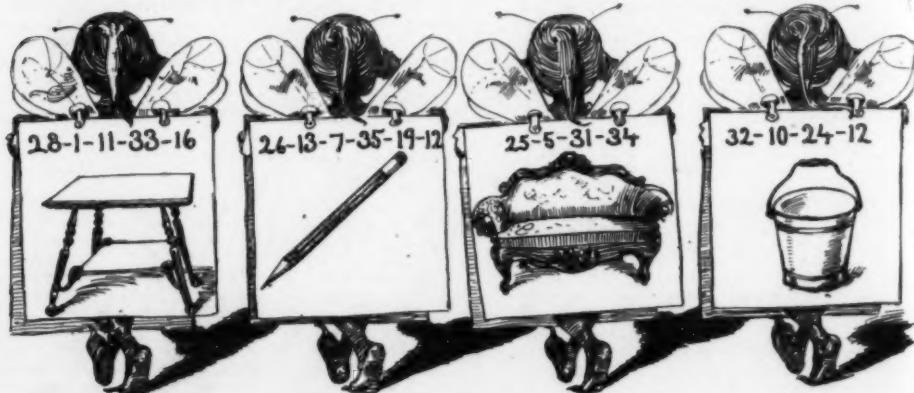
(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My first is in pen;
 My second is men;
 My third is in faint;
 My whole is a paint.

MASON GARFIELD.

ANAGRAM.

A FAMOUS British statesman:
 LIST! MAIL W. T. A GOLDEN EWER.



ho
ot.
y.
tal
rd-
rd
es.

85-86



"THEN SHE USHERED MARGARET INTO THE ROOM WHERE MARIE WAS SITTING."

(See page 676.)